REAL WEST

TRUE TALES OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

CHARLTON PUBLICATION

50¢ APRIL '74 CDC 00174

Mysterious DAVE MATHER

CHALK CREEK Ghost Town

HACKSAW TOM, the Rattlesnake Man

Movie Hall of Fame - RANDOLPH SCOTT

and many more!

DAVE BARRY, the Little Shadow Catch

No. 126 APRIL '74 00174

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I'll Make You a Master of CHINESE KUNG-FU

. . . the Oriental ART of INSTANTANEOUS DEATH that is applied with NO Bodily Contact

WHO *IS* THIS MAN?

Behind the blindfold is the Hon. Master "Kung-Fu." That's not his real name, of course. If you were a Kung-Fu expert, you'd recognize his real name at once, if we were to reveal it. But we cannot, for his Chinese fellow Kung-Fu Masters would punish him severely for revealing the deadly maneuvers he has sworn to keep secret.

the Chinese method of Attack and Self-Defense kept so secret that it has been handed down in China only from father to son because of its DEADLY power to disable or kill! Now these devastatingly brilliant secrets that require NO PHYSICAL STRENGTH OR EXERTION are revealed to you in the English language by a KUNG-FU Master who dares to teach you AT HIS RISK!

What IS Kung-FU?

KUNG-FU is the most DEADLY form of defense and attack ever devised! Even a Karate, Savate or Judo expert shudders at the thought of meeting a KUNG-FU master because he knows who the winner will be! With just a basic knowledge of KUNG-FU learned easily in the privacy of your home, this FAST, EASY, PICTURE WAY, you can beat hoodlums, OUTFIGHT TWO, THREE and even FOUR Karate or Judo experts, Professional Wrestlers or Boxers!

When CHINESE KUNG-FU arrives in your mail, you turn to page 87 and look at the easy-to-understand photo illustrations. INSTANTLY you see how easily you can turn your opponents attack into a CRIPPLING blow to his chest—a maneuver you can perform in just a few minutes of practice! A few pages later I show you how to escape a deadly strangle-hold quickly and easily by slamming your attacker into the ground!

Protect Yourself and Your Loved Ones!

Containing more than 150 step-by-step LIVE-ACTION and SLOW MOTION PHOTOS your personal KUNG-FU Master Instructor takes you by your hand and shows you in plain, clear and simple, easy to understand language how to use highly secret KUNG-FU to multiply your power a THOUSANDFOLD. You learn how to handle a small mob of attackers who are fully armed and even pinning you to the ground so you can't move. You pay nothing if you can't disarm one hoodlum . . . send another flying through the air and slam a third into the ground—all in a split second of KUNG FU maneuver that will take your attackers by surprise!

Never Be Afraid Again!

Secretly written in the Orient the contents of this amazing "how-to" picture book was shipped to Hawaii, where it was printed under cover away from prying eyes, then sent to the U. S. for limited distribution to those who agree to apply KUNG-FU ONLY FOR SELF-DEFENSE! If you were fortunate enough to be able to go to China, Hong Kong or Hawaii to take this amazing course—and were willing to pay $500 or even $1,000 to your KUNG-FU Master—you would be refused, because KUNG-FU secrets are NEVER taught to strangers or outsiders! Because KUNG-FU is deadly beyond imagination (and since *attack* as well as *defense* is taught) only a small limited edition has been printed. Frankly we don't want just everybody to learn these secret maneuvers.

KUNG-FU will NOT be sold in any store, and is available ONLY by mail to serious students who must vow NEVER to use it as an aggresor—but only as self-defense to protect himself, his friends and family. We don't ever want a criminal or hoodlum to be able to buy it because of its deadly power.

Law Enforcement Agencies: Write for quantity discounts on official letterhead.

Become a NEW MAN!

Our streets aren't safe today. Crime increases daily. You no longer have to be helpless, ashamed or humiliated—and look pitiful in the eyes of your friends. Protect yourself, your family, your girl friend from hoodlums and wisecracking bullies. With KUNG-FU you can use the hidden power that lies within you to master every situation! You'll laugh as you send bullies and criminals flying in terror, and you'll walk the streets happy, calm and confident in your new power! And you'll do all this without working up a sweat or even spoiling the crease in your trousers. That's because brilliantly executed KUNG-FU requires NO bodily contact . . . virtually NO physical exertion . . . and almost NO application of your body or hands! And yet KUNG-FU can be *deadly, crippling* and *disastrous* to any unfortunate opponent who is foolish enough to threaten you with ANY other technique, such as punching, Savate, Judo, Wrestling, etc! Yes, with the confidence that KUNG-FU can give you, you can walk the streets with the knowledge that NOTHING can frighten you . . . that you can deal with ANY man, ANY weapon, ANY situation! Your friends and loved ones will be proud of you with your new power.

Nothing Else To Buy!

KUNG-FU is complete—there is NOTHING else to buy—ever! You don't have to practice on dummies and you need no apparatus. Once you receive CHINESE KUNG-FU you can throw away all the other courses on Self-Defense you have ever bought—because NONE compares with KUNG-FU! KUNG-FU is effective whether you're standing, sitting or even LYING DOWN ASLEEP and OFF GUARD!

It was originally decided to offer the complete KUNG-FU instruction at $10.00—a TREMENDOUS bargain at that price. However, to make it available to good citizens who want to use these secret maneuvers for self-defense and to help combat the ever-increasing crime rate, we are making KUNG-FU available now at *the amazingly low price of just* $3.98. If you and your friends don't say that KUNG-FU has made a NEW MAN out of you, every cent you have paid will be refunded without question! Don't even bother returning the KUNG-FU book. Just tear off the front cover and mail back to us for a full, no questions asked refund. We'll take your word for it. MAIL COUPON NOW! AIR MAIL reaches us overnight.

MAIL DARING MONEY-SAVING NO-RISK FREE-TRIAL COUPON NOW

RESERVATION CERTIFICATE NUMBER **7063**

You are guaranteed to have one of these limited edition books reserved for you for 30 days. Because of the highly volatile nature of KUNG-FU, it may never be printed again. Avoid disappointment and mail your order in now to assure receipt. Be sure to enclose this RESERVATION CERTIFICATE.

FIGHTING ARTS RESEARCH, Inc. Dept. 14852
50 Bond Street, Westbury, N.Y. 11590

☐ OK, Honorable Master Kung-Fu! I accept your daring No-Risk free-trial offer to reveal the secrets of KUNG-FU! Ship in plain wrapper at once. I enclose $3.98 as payment in full. I understand that there is nothing else to buy ever again. My friends and I must be delighted with my new KUNG-FU power and self-confidence—or my money will be refunded promptly in full—I just return the front cover of the book.

☐ I agree never to use KUNG-FU as an aggressor—only to defend myself, and that I will never abuse the principles of KUNG-FU, nor will I ever reveal the secrets of KUNG-FU to anyone else._____
(My Signature)

☐ Check here if you also wish included a copy of "Forbidden Oriental Fighting Arts - Deadly Attack and Defense" - for Commandos, Jungle Fighters, etc. Not sold separately. Both only $9.98 HUNDREDS OF PHOTOGRAPHS

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ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE _____ ZIP_____

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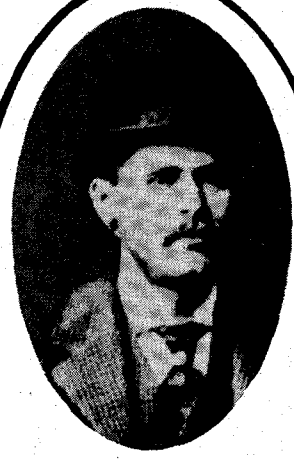
0919 **THE STORY OF ROY BEAN: Law West of the Pecos** By C. L. Sonnichsen. Biog. of the crafty entrepreneur whose first shingle read: "Justice of the peace, notary public, ice cold beer." He collected his own press clippings as he created his legend. (Pub. ed. $5.95)

7005 **WAR CRIES ON HORSEBACK** By Stephen Longstreet. Vivid history of the Indian Wars of the Great Plains and the leading chiefs — including Sioux Chief Rain-in-the-Face (above), who is supposed to have personally killed Custer. Illus. (Pub. ed. $7.95)



1040 **THE WILD BUNCH AT ROBBERS ROOST** By Pearl Baker. True history and lore of Butch Cassidy's Utah stamping ground, and of famous "Wild Bunch" gang of bank and train robbers, including Harry Longabaugh (above), The Sundance Kid. Illus. (Pub. ed. $6.95)

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The men, not the myths.

Not the way they look in the movies?

That's not surprising. Not much of the real West was the way it usually looks in the movies or on TV. But when you meet real men like these, you know that the West as it actually was tops any screenplay for excitement and fascination.

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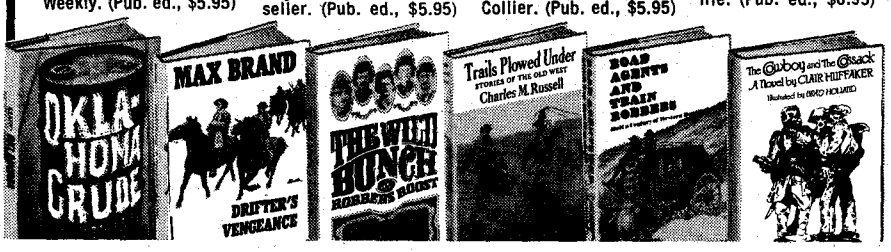

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The Brand of Quality

Volume XVII
Number 126
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The Lazy Man's Way to Riches

'Most People Are Too Busy Earning a Living to Make Any Money'

I used to work hard. The 18-hour days. The 7-day weeks.

But I didn't start making big money until I did less—a *lot* less.

For example, this ad took about 2 hours to write. With a little luck, it should earn me 50, maybe a hundred thousand dollars.

What's more, I'm going to ask you to send me 10 dollars for something that'll cost me no more than 50 cents. And I'll try to make it so irresistible that you'd be a darned fool not to do it.

After all, why should you care if I make $9.50 profit if I can show you how to make a *lot* more?

What if I'm so sure that you *will* make money my Lazy Man's Way that I'll make you the world's most unusual guarantee?

And here it is: I won't even cash your check or money order for 31 days *after* I've sent you my material.

That'll give you plenty of time to get it, look it over, try it out.

If you don't agree that it's worth *at least a hundred times* what you invested, send it back. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be put in the return mail.

The only reason I won't send it to you and bill you or send it C.O.D. is because both these methods involve more time and money.

And I'm already going to give you the biggest bargain of your life.

Because I'm going to tell you what it took me 11 years to perfect: How to make money the Lazy Man's Way.

O.K.—now I have to brag a little. I don't mind it. And it's necessary—to prove that sending me 10 dollars...which I'll keep "in escrow" until you're satisfied...is the smartest thing you ever did.

I live in a home that's worth $100,000. I know it is, because I turned down an offer for that much. My mortgage is less than half that, and the only reason I haven't paid it off is because my Tax Accountant says I'd be an idiot.

My "office," about a mile and a half from my home, is right on the beach. My view is so breathtaking that most people comment that they don't see how I get any work done. But I do enough. About 6 hours a day, 8 or 9 months a year.

The rest of the time we spend at our mountain "cabin." I paid $30,000 for it—cash.

I have 2 boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.

We have stocks, bonds, investments, cash in the bank. But the most important thing I have is priceless: time with my family.

And I'll show you just how I did it—the Lazy Man's Way—a secret I've shared with just a few friends 'til now.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." When I started out, I was so deep in debt that a lawyer friend advised bankruptcy as the only way out. He was wrong. We paid off our debts and, outside of the mortgage, don't owe a cent to any man.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share, but I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better; I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging $25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What *does* it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into *action*. If you do just that—nothing more, nothing less—the results *will* be hard to believe. Remember—I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again—I guarantee it.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

I'll prove it to you, if you'll send in the coupon now. I'm not asking you to "believe" me. Just try it. If I'm wrong, all you've lost is a couple of minutes and an 8-cent stamp. But what if I'm right?

Sworn Statement:

"I have examined this advertisement. On the basis of personal acquaintance with Mr. Joe Karbo for 18 years and my professional relationship as his accountant, I certify that every statement is true."

[Accountant's name available upon request.]

Bank Reference:
American State Bank
675 South Main Street, Orange, California 92668

Joe Karbo
17105 South Pacific, Dept. 557-H
Sunset Beach, California 90742

Joe, you may be full of beans, but what have I got to lose? Send me the Lazy Man's Way to Riches. *But don't deposit my check or money order for 31 days after it's in the mail.*

If I return your material—for *any* reason—within that time, return my *uncashed* check or money order to me. On that basis, here's my ten dollars.

☐ Please send Air Mail. I'm enclosing an extra dollar.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

SIBLEY STOVES

Dear Sir:

General Henry H. Sibley, who was the Confederate Commander at the Battle of Valverde, was also the inventor of the "Sibley Stove" that was used to heat the inside of the old army tents. I don't know the exact patent date (if they were patented), but they were used in World War I and were also brought out of storage and used in the CCC camps in the 1930's. I presume most of them were melted for scrap during World War II, but a few can be found in antique shops, museums and in private collections. There are many "imitations" on the market, and a beginner collecting antiques can easily be fooled by some sharp dealer.

Sincerely yours,
Walt Thayer,
Box 75
Wenatchee, Washington 98801

Dear Sir:

Firstly, let me compliment you on such an excellent publication. I have been an avid fan of the West for many years and regularly read your magazine.

My real interest lies with the Indian as do many Englishmen, going by your letters. To me they were and are still the proudest race alive, which brings me to my second point. After reading two of your magazines devoted totally to the Indian, I was wondering if there was not enough material to devote a whole new service to them, as many people like myself can only get to know them from books and your magazine. I, like many people over here, would like to write to any Indian if it is at all possible. Thanking you again for many hours of extremely entertaining and indeed exciting reading.

Yours,
Ken Stokes,
9 Coltbeck Avenue,
Narborough, Leicester, England

WANTS INFORMATION ON PATRICK FAMILY

Dear Sirs:

We are trying to trace our family history and have come to a dead end. We would certainly appreciate any help your readers could give us.

Our great, great, great Grandfather was John Patrick, born in 1756. His father was named John and all we know about his mother is that her last name was Wilmouth. John Patrick, Jr. married Sarah Kendrick (born 1761), and they lived in Greene County, Kentucky and later moved on a farm five miles west of north from Bowling Green, Kentucky. This was in about 1800. John Patrick died there in 1817. Sarah moved to Monroe County, Mo. with her daughter Mrs. Levi Turner and died there in 1834.

John Patrick's son Wiley Jones Patrick (born in 1802) married Rayanna Cox, but she died soon after, and he then entered the Army in 1825 and served in Baltimore, Maryland. While there, he married Margaret Shortle Reynolds (born 1808) of Friendship, Anne Arundel County, Maryland in 1829. They later moved to the west and settled on Ten-Mile Creek, Macon County, Missouri. As far as we know they only had two sons, James Henry Patrick and Wiley Jones Patrick, Jr. James Henry married Mary J. Schelhorst. Wiley Jones Patrick, Jr. born Jan. 3, 1840, after his father's death, lived for a time with an uncle, Ludson Greene Patrick, in Monroe County, Mo. Wiley later became an ordained Minister (Baptist) at Salem Church, Monroe County, Mo. He married Elizabeth Ann Withers (died Dec. 1, 1872), and they had two children, Pryor Claye Patrick and Bower Reynolds Patrick.

Also, I would like to hear from anyone knowing anything about Amos Griffith; his wife's name was Mary. They had a son, Joel, who was born in 1782 and married a Margaret Breadth. Joel and Margaret's daughter Elizabeth married William Schelhorst. They lived in Kentucky and then moved to Missouri in 1819.

Also on Larkin Ramsey who was married to Hannah Maynard.

Mrs. Gordon Wallace
110 Scott St.
Salida, Colo. 81201

IN JAIL BECAUSE HE LOVES HORSES

Dear Sir:

I am writing to you because I am in jail in Oklahoma for horse theft. I am probably one of the last to be tried under the old laws of the West, but I will have to pay the penalty as I am guilty. Because of my age and the publicity given by the local newspapers and other news media, it will probably be a very sensational trial, as I took the animal for the sole purpose of transportation to return to my native home in Texas. If any reader would be kind enough to write, I will send them the whole true story and I would like to establish some other friends who love horses as I do. Please send pictures of yourself and any horse pictures. I have spent many lonely months in jail with so little mail. Even in this jail, in this state, horse thieves are worse than bank robbers.

Thank you,
Ronald Branson,
Oklahoma County Jail,
321 Park Avenue,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

REAL WEST SHORTSTOPPED ALONG THE WAY

Dear Sir:

Just a line to let you know how I sure enjoy the magazine; someone else along the way does also. We live on a rural route, and my magazine is always a week late and well thumbed when I receive it, so someone else is also enjoying my magazine.

How about sealing them up in plastic containers? Sure would assure mine arriving in good shape.

Thank you,
C. A. Orum,
RR1, Box 149,
Athens, Illinois 62613

ENJOYS NONO MINOR ARTICLES

Dear Folks:

I want to take this opportunity to thank you for Mrs. Shulsinger's article, "A Matter of Policy". The article was well done. I always enjoy Nono Minor's articles. I have one of the finest collections of Indian history in America. Of course, we continue to learn; none of us knows it all. I have benefited from REAL WEST, and I like your policy of giving "Reference Sources" at the end of the articles.

I notice you use the words "True Tales" on the front of REAL WEST. In my opinion "tales" and "stories" carries little weight. They have little force, whereas, for example, "Historical Accounts" carries much force; certainly you do regard REAL WEST as a publication containing historical accounts. "A Matter of Policy" is history, history that we wish had never taken place.

Respectfully yours,
Ralph Yarbrough,
909 Edwards St. #A
Hattiesburg, Mississippi 39401

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Yes, how would you like to be able to sit in your living room, give the command for love, and instantly have your loved one appear at your side? Or give the command for money, and suddenly find a big, thick roll of dollars in your hand?

Now, a daring new book called TELECULT POWER lays bare this magic secret, and shows how it can bring fortune, love, and happiness. And Reese P. Dubin — the man who discovered it — makes this shocking claim . . .

"Great Wealth And Power Can Be Yours!"

Admittedly, the concept this book proposes is completely opposed and contrary to normal human knowledge and experience. "But at this very moment," says Mr. Dubin, "I have startling proof that I want you to see with your own eyes! I want to show you . . .

- "How diamonds and jewels have appeared, seemingly out of nothingness, shortly after the use of this strange secret!"
- "How a man used this method for a pocketful of money!"
- "How a woman used it to fill an empty purse!"
- "How a farmer received a pot full of gold!"
- "How another user Teleported a gold jewel box to her, seemingly out of thin air!"
- "How a woman used this method to regain her lost youth!"
- "How a man, growing bald, claims he renewed the growth of his hair with this secret!"
- "How a woman used it to bring her mate to her, without asking!"
- "How another woman summoned a man to her —out of thin air!"
- "How a man heard the unspoken thoughts of others, with this secret!"
- "How a woman saw behind walls and over great distances, with it!"
- "How a man broadcast silent commands that others had to obey!"

Let us now clearly demonstrate to you the scientific basis behind the new wonderworking, Miracle of TELECULT POWER!

"How Telecult Power Brings Any Desire Easily And Automatically!"

For many years, Reese P. Dubin dreamed of a way to call upon the invisible forces at work all around us. He spent a lifetime digging and searching for the secret. These investigations brought him knowledge that goes back to the dim recesses of the past.

One day, to his astonishment, he discovered that he could actually broadcast silent commands, which others instantly obeyed. Using the secret he tells you about in this book, he tried it time after time — commanding others to sleep, get up and come to him, talk or not talk — and act according to his silent wishes. It worked every time!

Working relentlessly from this evidence, Reese P. Dubin succeeded in perfecting a new kind of instrument — called a Tele-Photo Transmitter — that concentrates your thoughts, and sends them like a streaking bullet to their destination!

OTHERS OBEY SILENT COMMANDS! Writing of the success of this method, one user reports the following experience:

"I willed her to pick up and eat a biscuit from a plate in a corner of the room. She did so. I willed her to shake hands with her mother. She rushed to her mother and stroked her hands.

"I willed her to nod. She stood still and bent her head, I willed her to clap her hands, play a note on the piano, write her name, all of which she did."

"No one can escape the power of this method," says Mr. Dubin. "Everybody — high or low, ignorant or wise — all are subject to its spell! And unless the person is told what's being done, he will think the thoughts are his own!"

HEARS THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS! Experimenting further with the Tele-Photo Transmitter, Reese P. Dubin soon found that he could "tune in" and HEAR the unspoken thoughts of others. He says, "At first, these hearing impressions startled me, and I took them for actual speech, until I realized that people don't usually say such things aloud! And their lips remained closed."

SEES BEYOND WALLS, AND OVER GREAT DISTANCES! Then he discovered he could pick up actual sights, from behind walls and over great distances! And when he "tuned in" he could see actual living scenes before him—as clear as the picture on a television screen!

MAKES WOMAN APPEAR — SEEMINGLY OUT OF THIN AIR! With mounting excitement, Reese P. Dubin launched one of the most exciting experiments in the history of psychic research. He wanted to see if the Tele-Photo Transmitter could bring him an actual material object! He chose, for this experiment, the seemingly impossible: an actual living person!

He simply focused the Tele-Photo Transmitter, by dialing the object of his desire. In a flash the door burst open, and there — standing before him, as real as life — was his long-lost cousin!

He stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked again! There — smiling, with arms outstretched in greeting— stood living proof of the most astounding discovery of the Century!

Dial Any Treasure!

You'll see how to use the Tele-Photo Transmitter, to summon your desires. This special instrument — your mental equipment — requires no wires, and no electricity. "Yet," says Mr. Dubin, "it can teleport desires, swiftly from the invisible world."

When you dial your desire—whether for riches, love, or secret knowledge—you capture its invisible, photoplasmic form, at which point "it starts to materialize!" says Dr. Dubin.

"Telecult Power can work seeming miracles in your life," says Mr. Dubin. "With it, it is possible to dial any desire — called a Photo-Form — then sit back, relax, and watch this powerful secret go to work!"

"Instantly Your Life Is Changed!"

With this secret, the mightiest force in the Universe is at your command! "Simply ask for anything you want," says Mr. Dubin, "whether it be riches, love, fine possessions, power, friends, or secret knowledge!"

Suppose you had dialed Photo-Form #2 for Jewels, for example. That's what Margaret C. did, in an actual example Mr. Dubin tells you about. Rich, glittering diamonds and jewels literally appeared at her feet: a pair of gold earrings, which she found that morning . . . a surprise gift of a pearl necklace, and matching silver bracelets . . . a beautiful platinum ring set with emeralds and diamonds, dropped on her front lawn!

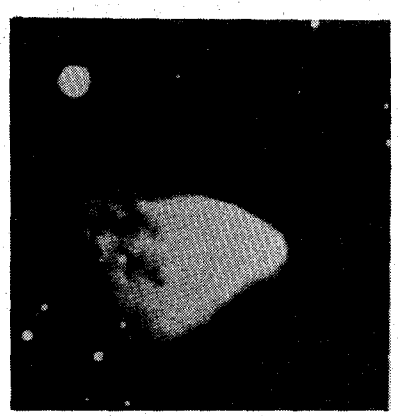
"Almost overnight," says Mr. Dubin, "it can start to multiply riches, bring romance and love . . . draw favors, gifts, new friends . . . or anything else asked for! It isn't necessary for you to understand why. What is important is that it has already worked for many others . . . men and women in all walks of life . . . worked every time . . . and it will work for you, too!"

Brings A Pocket Full Of Money!

You'll see how Jerry D. used this method. He was broke a week before payday. All he did, he says, was to dial Photo-Form #1. Suddenly he felt a bulge in his pocket. Lo and behold! He took out a roll of money . . . fives, tens, twenties . . . and more! Obviously, it had been placed there—but when? And by whom?

A Brand New Car Comes!

Marty C., a taxi driver, reports that he just dialed Photo-Form #4, sat back, relaxed, and waited for things to happen. In a short time, great excitement filled the house. His wife came hurrying in, saying, "We won it! We won a car and a cash prize! They just delivered it!" He got up and went to the window. There, big and beautiful,



standing in the driveway, was a brand new Cadillac!

Brings Mate Without Asking!

Mrs. Conrad B. reports that she was tired of "pursuing" her husband, as she called it. She wanted him to voluntarily do the things she longed for, take her places, show affection. But he hadn't looked at her in years. He would fall asleep immediately after supper, or watched the ball games, or read the papers. Secretly Mrs. B. decided to try this method. She dialed Photo-Form #9 for Love! Instantly, her husband's attitude changed from boredom to interest and enthusiasm. And from that day forward, he showered her with kindness and affection! It was like a miracle come true!

The Power Of This Method!

There are so many personal experiences which I could recount, stories of healing, wealth, and happiness with this secret, that I find myself wanting to tell all of them at once. Here are just a few . . .

- **REGAINS HAIR GROWTH!** Walter C. had a shiny bald head with just a fringe of white hair showing around the edges. He tried this method, and soon his hair began to regrow. The new hair came in thick, dark, and luxurious!
- **ROLLS DICE 50 TIMES WITHOUT MISSING ONCE!** You'll see how this secret gave Albert J. the power to roll the dice 50 times, without missing once, and—for the first time in the history of Las Vegas—walk away with $500,000!
- **DISSOLVES ALL EVIL!** You'll see how this amazing secret revealed to Lawrence M. the people who were trying to make him look silly at work—actually revealed their secret thoughts—made them confess and apologize!

If TELECULT POWER can do all this for others, what riches, what rewards, what amazing results can it also bring to you?

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Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of TELECULT POWER #80007, by Reese P. Dubin! I understand the book is mine for only $6.98 complete. I may examine it a full 30 days at your risk or money back.

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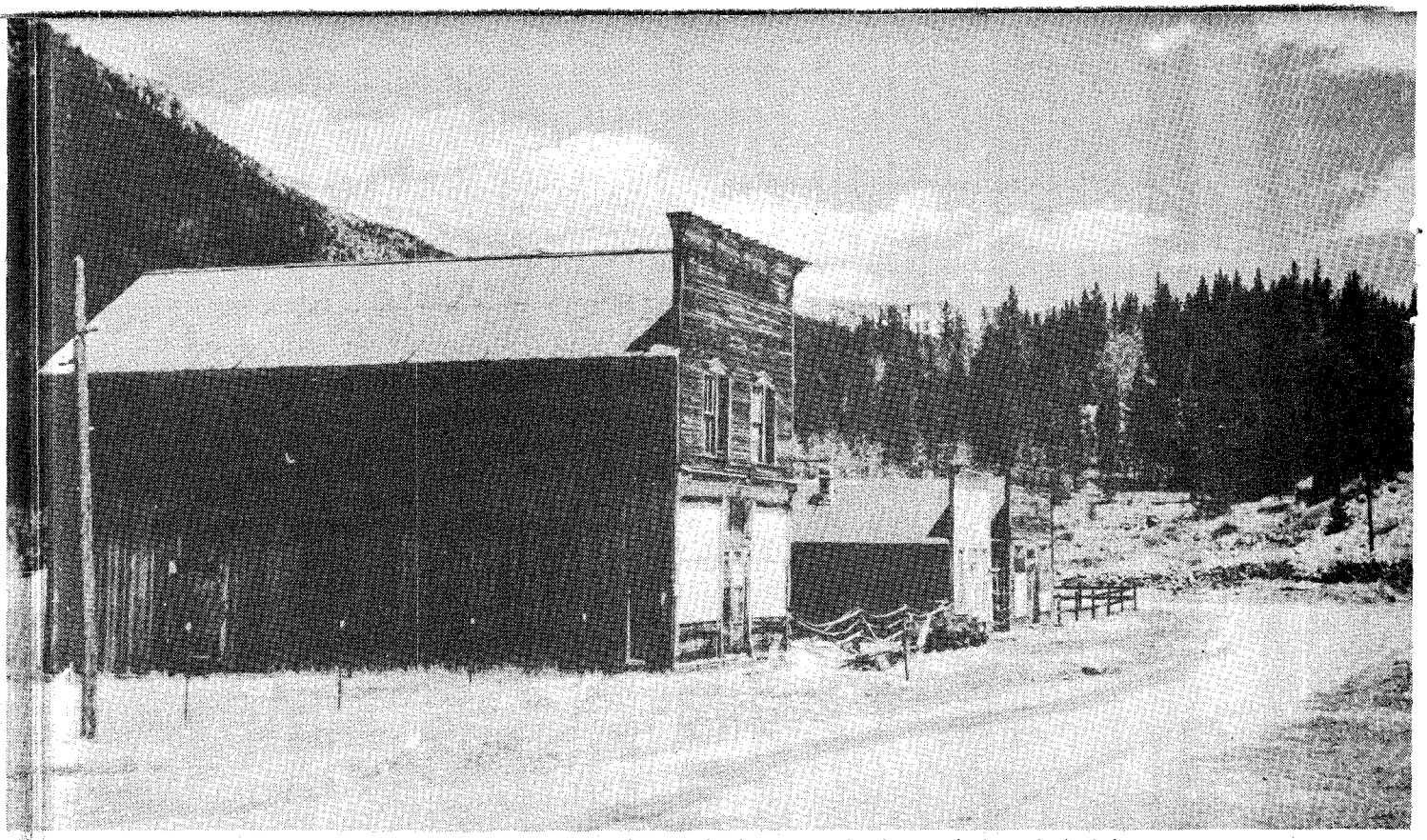

Cy Martin photo

Looking toward Chalk Creek Canyon from St. Elmo. In the foreground is the graded road which forms Main Street. Photo taken in 1966.

COVER STORY

Chalk Creek ascends from the Arkansas River Valley and there are many ghost towns, the best preserved of which was once a thriving little city called St. Elmo. Chalk Creek Canyon is a picturesque pathway bordered by the sheer sides of Mount Antero and Mount Princeton. This road and the ghost town offer Ghost Town Buffs rich rewards for the trip.

CHALK CREEK

By Cy Martin

Along the Arkansas River Valley and then up Chalk Creek Canyon near Buena Vista are many old ghost towns, of which the best preserved is St. Elmo. The Chalk Creek Canyon road leads straight up a canyon formed by the sheer sides of Mount Antero and Mount Princeton, while at the base of Mount Princeton are spectacular white chalk cliffs.

The present auto road up the valley is on the bed of the abandoned Denver, South Park & Pacific Railroad. It rises on an easy grade and provides plenty of thrills in its steady climb up the narrow canyon. At one point, it crawls along the edge of a shelf cliff hundreds of feet above the valley floor and Chalk Creek itself, and in a couple of places it is so narrow that it would be difficult for autos to pass, so it is a one-way road.

However, it presents no real hazards, for after it has passed the narrow cliff, it simply twists between walls of rock and winds through beautiful groves of aspen which form an arch overhead. A little way further up the canyon and beyond the cascades of Chalk Creek, the creek tumbles its way along beside the road while many beaver dams can be seen, and occasionally the slap of a beaver tail may be heard in the distance. On either side of the valley, the steep cliffs shut out the sun and cast their long shadows on the opposite canyon wall.

The final approach to St. Elmo dips downhill from the railroad grade directly onto the main street of the old town whose wooden sidewalks are only splintered fragments beside the empty stores. Nowadays there is no one living there, though up until a few years ago, business centered around a general store and post office run by the Starks.

Mr. Stark was a talkative gentleman, and each visitor who entered his general store was greeted and warned to "watch out for the street cars". This harmless but persistent joke he repeated year after year until his death.

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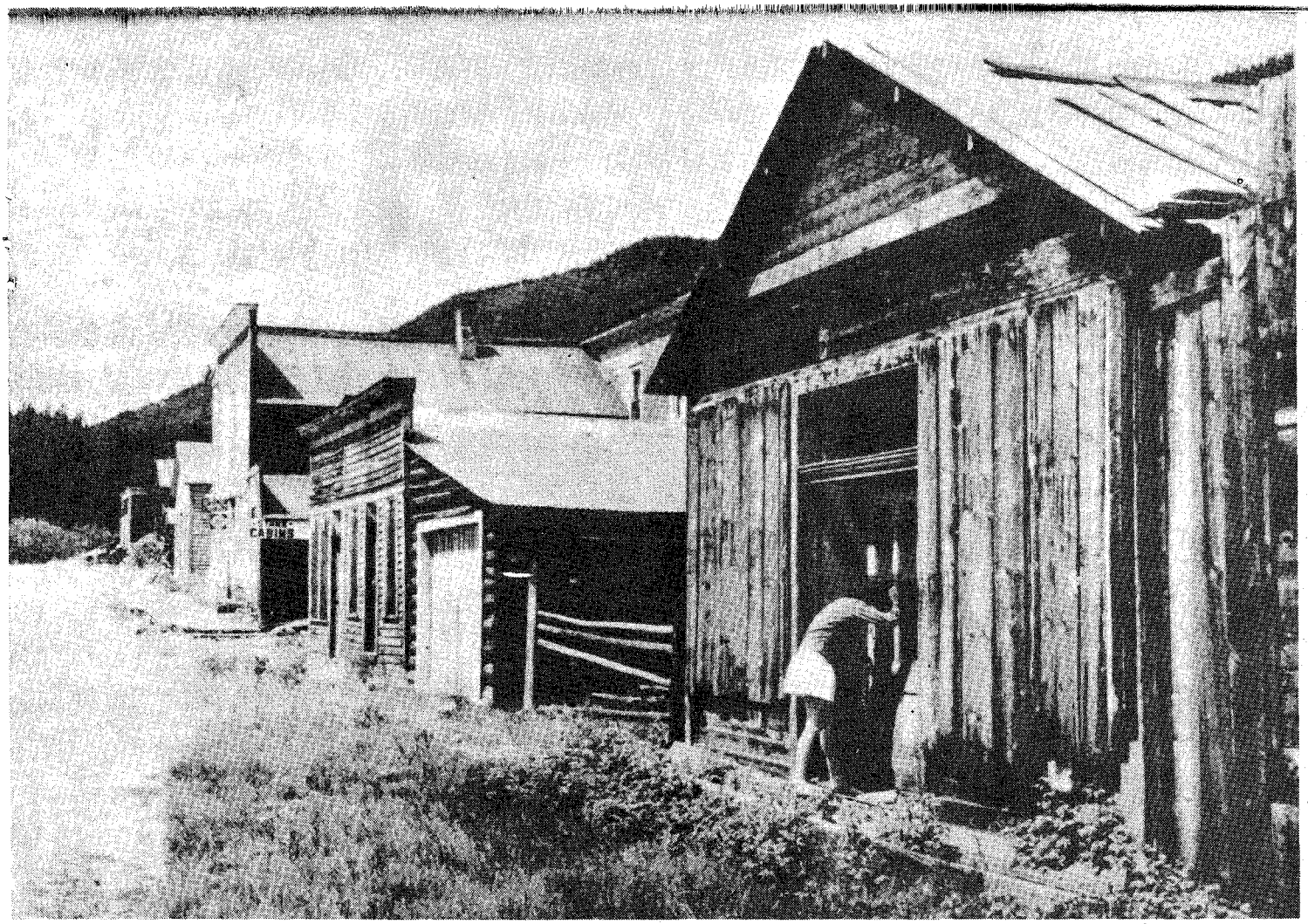

Cy Martin photo

A visitor is looking at the stores on the main thoroughfare of St. Elmo. Many of them are just as the owners left them. Note the sign for Stark's cabins is still on display.

GHOST TOWN

Further up the main street and dotted through the trees along the narrow avenues are dozens of frame houses. Many of these are the homes of summer tourists and frequently vandalized, much to the dismay of their owners.

St. Elmo is located at the junction of five gulches — Grizzly, Popular, Pomeroy, and the North and South Forks of Chalk Creek. It is also at the foot of four mineral bearing mountains — Chrysolite, Murphy, Lehigh, and Barren. The town was originally called Forest City, for when it was laid out, it was necessary to cut away the heavy growth of spruce and pine trees, then clear the ground of six feet of snow before any cabins could ever be built. Yet, when the town was incorporated in 1880, its name was changed to St. Elmo.

When the rush to the Gunnison and Aspen mining districts began in 1789, hundreds of prospectors choked the crowded trails over the Continental Divide to the west of St. Elmo. They carried packs on their backs and prodded at their loaded burros trudging ahead of them.

Even when toll roads were constructed across the range with Concord coaches and freight wagons crowding past the loaded pack trains on the trail, scores upon scores of men still struggled up the mountains on foot. Some rode hired horses or mules to the top of the pass where they dismounted and sent the animals back down the trail to the livery barns in St. Elmo.

Toll roads to the Gunnison and Aspen districts started from the upper end of town and wound over the Continental Divide to the distant mining camps. These roads brought big business to St. Elmo long before the railroad brought people to the little city. Freighters' wagons passed constantly along its main street. The oxen and mules churned the mud into a quagmire or raised clouds of dust as they struggled through town, loaded on their outgoing trip across the range with supplies and returning with even greater loads of rich ore.

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Cy Martin photo

Stark's general store and residence as it appeared in 1966.

The town grew rapidly, and as mining increased, the population soared to over two thousand. However, before a church could be built, services were held in a store whenever Father Dyer or Bishop Machebeouf visited the camp. On one occasion the Bishop held services in a bunkhouse, and a high-backed rocker was brought in to be used as his Bishop's chair. Finally, after the schoolhouse was completed in 1882, all religious services were held there.

In 1881 St. Elmo became the railhead of the Denver, South Park & Pacific Railroad which was built up Chalk Creek from the Arkansas Valley. The road reached Gunnison on the western slope of the mountains in September of 1882 after tunneling through the Continental Divide at Altman Pass, high above St. Elmo. During the construction, every mile became a bitter fight against cold and snow and the massive barriers of rock.

The completion of the Denver, South Park & Pacific and the Alpine Tunnel did not end the problems for the railroad because the expense of maintenance through this mountainous country was a constant financial drain on the company.

In 1889 it was sold to the Denver, Leadville and Gunnison Railway Company which also lost a great deal of money. Ten years later, the right-of-way was sold to the Colorado and Southern, but its heyday was passed. Finally, in 1910, the last train ran through the Alpine Tunnel above St. Elmo, and in 1926 the last train ran down the length of Chalk Creek. With this final trip the Colorado and Southern abandoned the roadbed and began tearing up the tracks.

During the years the railroad ran, St. Elmo was on the most traveled road to the silver fields, even though there were several roads to choose from. The Mayville and Chalk Creek Toll Road crossed to the next valley and skirted Mount Shavano.

The Altman Pass Road led to Pitkin and Gunnison, while the Chalk Creek and Elk Mountain Toll Road crossed two ranges, first over Tin Cup Pass and then over Taylor Pass to Ashcroft and Aspen. There were many claims made as to whether Tin Cup Pass out of St. Elmo or Cottonwood Pass out of Buena Vista was the best route to Aspen, but finally with the opening of Independence Pass, all of these roads fell into disuse.

St. Elmo was the largest town on Chalk Creek, so the miners, freighters and railroad workers swarmed to its saloons and dance halls every Saturday night. Not only did they want to come in and thaw out, but they also wanted to celebrate after their week of grueling work in the mountains.

Before the railroad succeeded in tunneling the range, daily stage coaches left the Pacific House in St.

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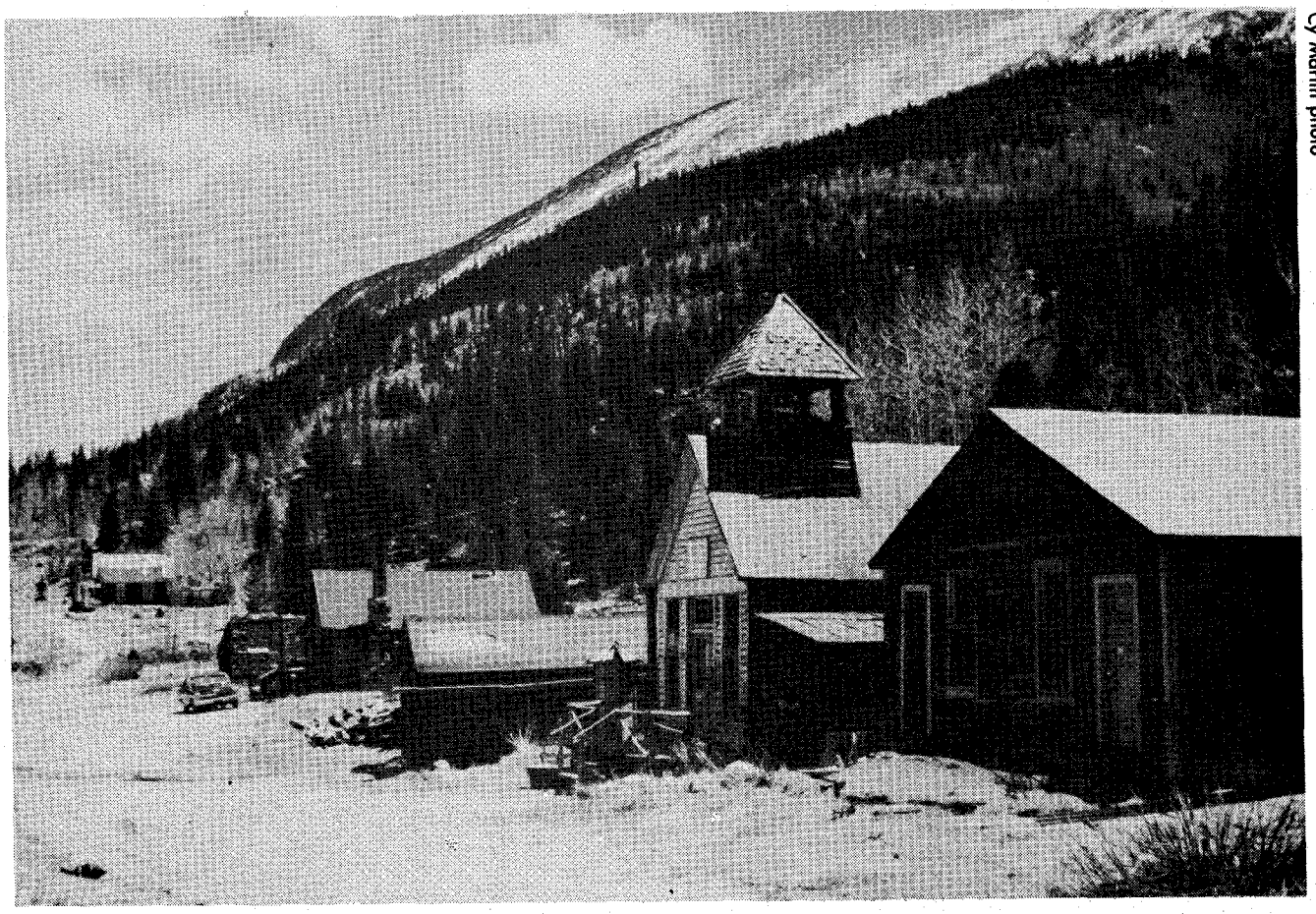
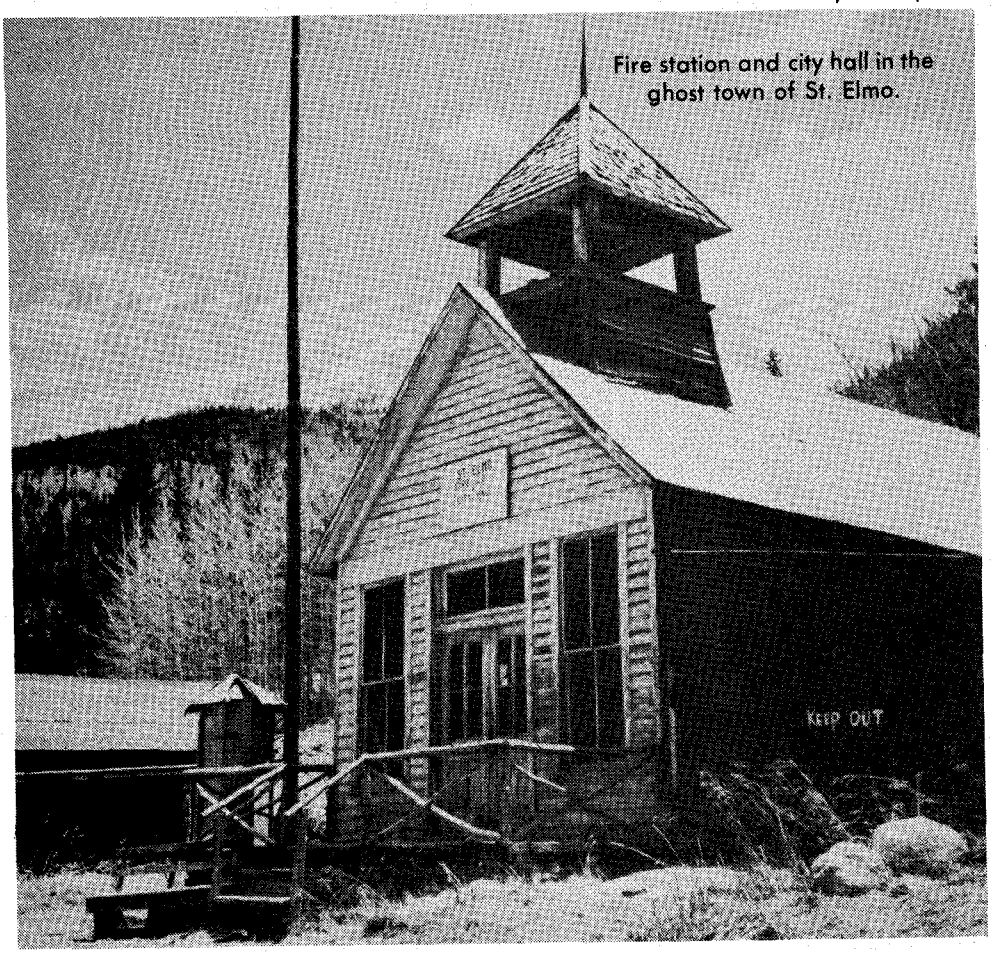


Cy Martin photo

Looking south and east along the main street of St. Elmo, Colorado

Cy Martin photo



Fire station and city hall in the ghost town of St. Elmo.

Elmo for Aspen. The trip was difficult and all too often the passengers walked part of the way or helped push the stage out of the mud or drifted snow.

Perhaps the most photographed building in town, even today, is the old Stark Store on Main Street. It looks as if at any moment the "closed" sign will be turned to read "open," and one could go in to visit Tony and his sister Annabelle.

Annabelle Stark, as a young lady in Salida, was the toast of the town. She had a college education which, coupled with her beauty, fashionable clothes and queenly manner, made her the talk of the mining town, as well. When her mother died, Annabelle ignored all her suitors to care for her two brothers, just as her mother had done.

In the little, bustling, prosperous city Annabelle brought a touch of culture to town with her, and her home soon became the social center. But Annabelle was more than a social butterfly, she was an angel to those down on their luck. She ministered to the sick and feeble and was an inspiration during times of trial and

(continued on page 62)

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Any 13 records

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224295 LOGGINS AND MESSINA Your Mama Don't Dance
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232561 ANDY WILLIAMS Greatest Hits, Vol. 2
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231845 GEORGE JONES NOTHING EVER HURT ME (HALF AS BAD AS LOSING YOU)
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228791 EDDY ARNOLD So Many Ways/If The Whole World Stopped Lovin'
228247 TAMMY WYNETTE THE FIRST SONGS OF THE FIRST LADY
228155 ELTON JOHN DON'T SHOOT ME I'M ONLY THE PIANO PLAYER
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225318 KRIS KRISTOFFERSON JESUS WAS A CAPRICORN
222018 THE 5th DIMENSION Greatest Hits On Earth
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224409 MELANIE Stoneground Words
222406 MAC DAVIS BABY DON'T GET HOOKED ON ME
220061 DON McLEAN American Pie
219782 THE BEST OF JUDY COLLINS Colors of the Day
220038 Ferrante & Teicher Play The Hit Themes
218198 JOHNNY PAYCHECK Someone To Give My Love To
198499 LYNN ANDERSON ROSE GARDEN
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234773 ENOCH LIGHT & THE LIGHT BRIGADE | THE BIG BAND HITS OF THE THIRTIES
230367 VICKI LAWRENCE THE NIGHT THE LIGHTS WENT OUT IN GEORGIA
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224659 DON McLEAN FEATURING THE HIT...DREIDEL
221952 LYNN ANDERSON Listen To A Country Song
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225102 JOHNNY NASH I CAN SEE CLEARLY NOW STIR IT UP
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224584 BOOTS RANDOLPH PLAYS THE GREAT HITS OF TODAY
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227025 JOHNNY CASH Any Old Wind That Blows
227066 RAY CONNIFF I Can See Clearly Now
222679 INSIDE THE MIND OF BILL COSBY
211680 BILL ANDERSON GREATEST HITS Vol. 2
185843 HERB ALPERT & THE TIJUANA BRASS GREATEST HITS
220406 RAY PRICE The Lonesomest Lonesome
216820 ROGER WILLIAMS LOVE THEME FROM "THE GODFATHER"
211585 NEIL DIAMOND GOLD
203885 BURT BACHARACH One Less Bell to Answer
234377 CONWAY TWITTY YOU'VE NEVER BEEN THIS FAR BEFORE
235614 MAUREEN McGOVERN THE MORNING AFTER
234864 PROCOL HARUM GRAND HOTEL
231084 CHARLIE RICH Behind Closed Doors
221457 SONNY JAMES WHEN THE SNOW IS ON THE ROSES
230193 VIKKI CARR Ms. AMERICA
225938 MARTY ROBBINS THIS MUCH A MAN
229195 LORETTA LYNN Entertainer Of The Year
229310 CHARLIE McCOY GOOD TIME CHARLIE Orange Blossom Special
232280 JODY MILLER GOOD NEWS
227439 TAMMY WYNETTE KIDS SAY THE DARNDEST THINGS
228163 JUDY COLLINS True Stories And Other Dreams
229369 (SOUNDTRACK) JOHNNY CASH THE GOSPEL ROAD
226647 SONNY JAMES SINGS THE GREATEST COUNTRY HITS OF 1972
222703 Tammy Wynette My Man
219477 SIMON & GARFUNKEL'S GREATEST HITS
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212654 BOB DYLAN Greatest Hits, Vol. 2
223107 BERT KAEMPFERT Greatest Hits—Vol. 2
219634 PETER NERO THE FIRST TIME EVER (I SAW YOUR FACE)
201251 MARTY ROBBINS GREATEST HITS, VOL. 3 Devil Woman, etc.
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233205 OSMONDS THE PLAN
220962 NEIL DIAMOND MOODS
224816 CHARLIE McCOY Me and Bobby McGee
227371 JIM CROCE LIFE AND TIMES Bad Bad Leroy Brown
223420 BARBRA STREISAND Live Concert At The Forum
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230714 CARPENTERS NOW & THEN
234336 THE MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR SINGS STARS & STRIPES FOREVER
230607 TANYA TUCKER WHAT'S YOUR MAMA'S NAME
231761 SONNY AND CHER Mama Was A Rock And Roll Singer Papa Used To Write All Her Songs
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223131 TONY BENNETT All-Time Greatest Hits
234831 FERRANTE & TEICHER KILLING ME SOFTLY
227074 (SOUNDTRACK) LOST HORIZON MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED By Burt Bacharach
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235556 BERT KAEMPFERT TO THE GOOD LIFE
227348 GEORGE JONES & TAMMY WYNETTE Let's Build A World Together
206706 DAVID HOUSTON'S GREATEST HITS, Vol. 2
211284 VIKKI CARR SUPERSTAR
234955 RAY CONNIFF HARMONY
235598 JOHNNY RODRIGUEZ ALL I EVER MEANT TO DO WAS SING
235572 JERRY WALLACE PRIMROSE LANE DON'T GIVE UP ON ME
234872 TRAFFIC ON THE ROAD
234302 JETHRO TULL A Passion Play
232710 (Soundtrack) LIVE AND LET DIE Title Song Performed by PAUL McCARTNEY and WINGS
218750 FRANK SINATRA IN THE BEGINNING 1943 To 1951
223164 TOM T. HALL GREATEST HITS
207381 TAMMY WYNETTE Greatest Hits, Vol. 2
235168 (Available On Records & Cartridges Only) BOBBY GOLDSBORO SUMMER (The First Time)

Just look at this great selection of recorded entertainment — available in your choice of records *or* tapes! Just mail the application together with your check or money order for $1.97 to order your 13 stereo tapes *or* records (be sure to indicate whether you want cartridges, cassettes, *or* records). In exchange . . .

You agree to buy just 9 more selections (at regular Club prices) in the coming two years — and you may cancel membership any time after doing so.

Your own charge account will be opened upon enrollment . . . the *selections you order as a member will be mailed* and billed at regular Club prices: cartridges and cassettes, $6.98; records, $4.98 or $5.98 . . . plus a processing and postage charge. (Occasional special selections may be somewhat higher.)

You may accept or reject selections as follows: every four weeks (13 times a year) you will receive a new copy of the Club's music *magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for each* musical interest . . . plus hundreds of alternate selections from every field of music. In addition, about four times a year we will offer some special selections (usually at a discount off regular Club prices). A response card will always be enclosed with each magazine.

- . . . **if you do not want any selection offered** just mail the response card by the date specified
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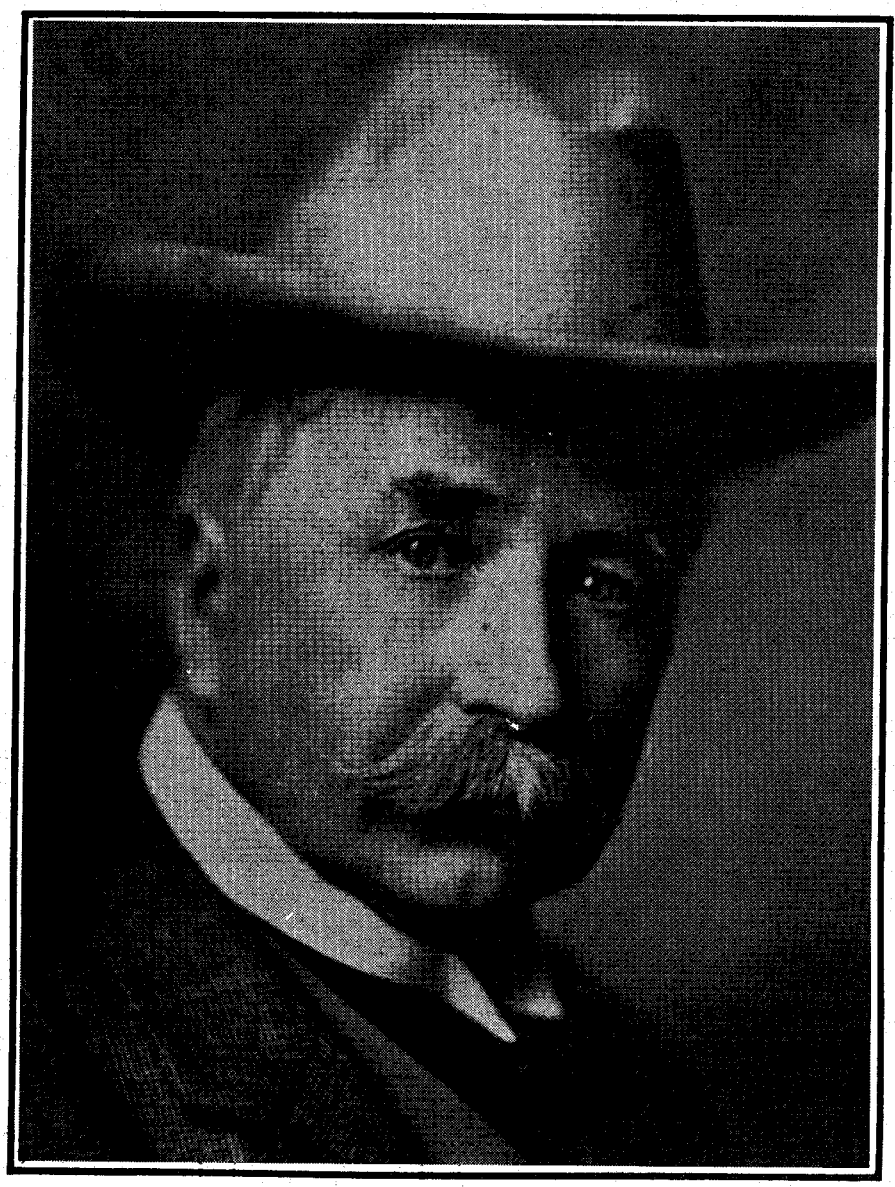
DAVE BARRY

COVER STORY

The Little Shadow Catcher

By Earl V. Chapin

David F. Barry was a photographer who got his name "the little shadow catcher" from the Indians who were awed by the photographs he took of them. He probably knew more about the West, the Plains Indians, and the real stories behind the Indian Wars than any man alive but he seldom talked about them.



From the files of the Douglas County Historical Museum, Superior, Wisconsin.

David F. Barry, the Little Shadow Catcher. He was the friend of both the Indian and the Army brass and was thus able to photograph the participants in the Indian Wars of 1870's and 80's.

The Indians called him "The Little Shadow Catcher". He was a friend of Sitting Bull, Gall, Rain-in-the-Face and other great Indian leaders who made the last resistance against the conquering whites. He likewise prized the warm personal friendship of Gens. Nelson A. Miles, George A. Custer, E.W. Benteen and Alfred H. Terry, besides other military men. He was also a friend of "Buffalo Bill" Cody.

His name was David F. Barry. His collection of photographs taken during and after the Indian wars are said to be "the finest and most complete collection of Indian photographs in existence."

So far as is known, his were the only pictures ever taken of some of the greatest warriors of the West.

While at his work in the field, photographer Barry also gathered the most complete and valuable collection of Indian artifacts and memorabilia ever possessed by a white man.

The complete Barry collection of both artifacts and photos can be seen at the Douglas County Historical Society museum in Superior, Wisconsin. The museum is housed in the former Martin Pattison home, a palatial mansion modeled after a French chateau, once a social center of this city on Lake Superior. Pattison was a tycoon who wore many hats — among them, sheriff of Douglas County.

The Barry collection is only incidental to Pattison. When the excitement on the western frontier was over, Barry thought of settling down. High praise of the future

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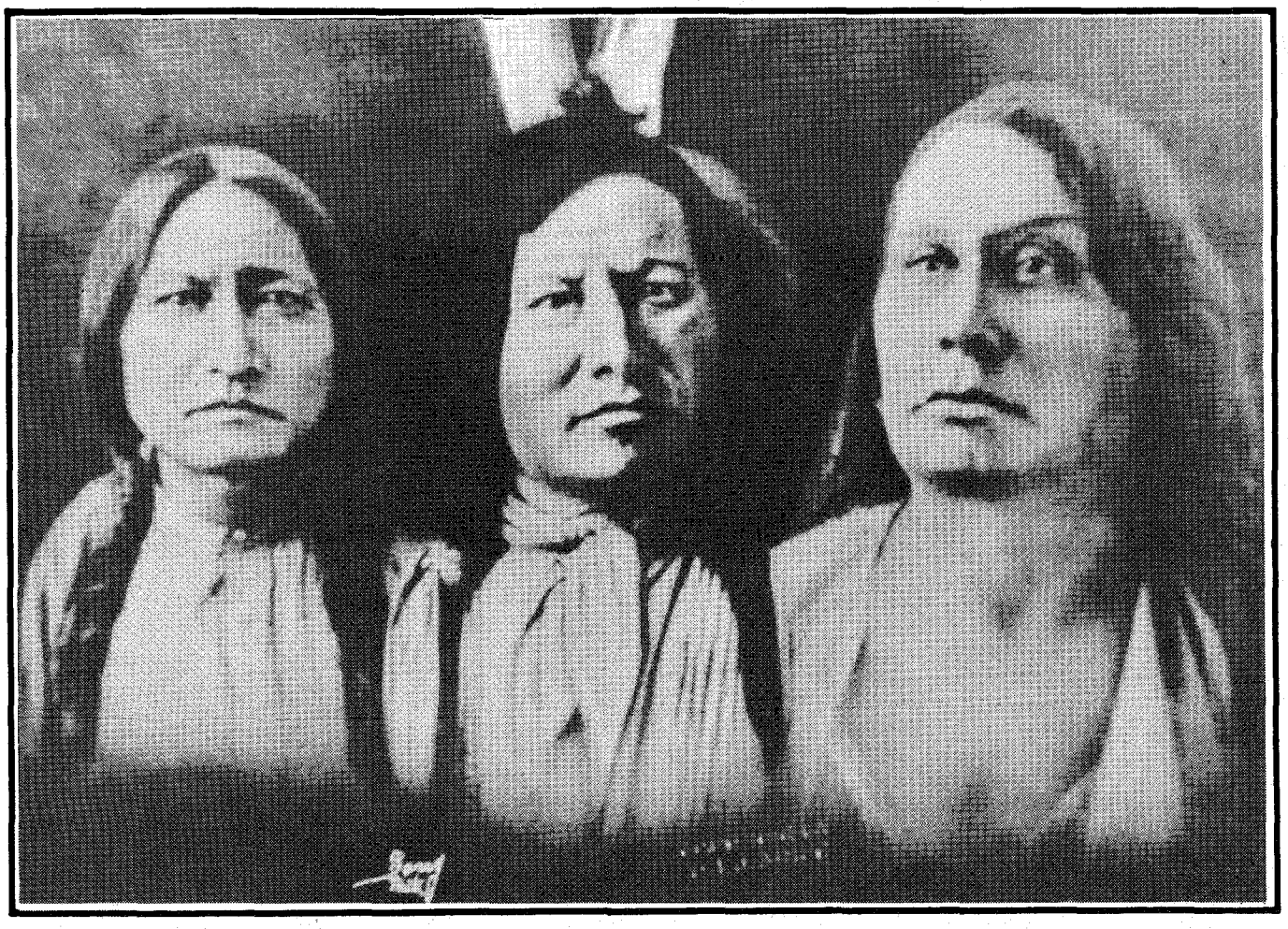

From the files of the Douglas County Historical Museum, Superior, Wisconsin.

Composite photo of Sitting Bull, Chief Rain-in-the-Face and Chief Gall.

of the then booming city of Superior brought him here, and save for one incursion to New York City, he remained here as a photographer for 40 years until called by death March 6, 1934.

During his lifetime, Barry had many things going for him. He was personable and engaging, a talented and persistent photographer, a master of darkroom techniques. Yet, there was an alter ego which manifested itself more clearly as time passed on. One contemporary writer speaks of him as "prim and haughty. Every day in his studio he keeps a rendezvous with ghosts. It is musty and dark in the studio, and on the walls hang numerous portraits. All the famous Indian chiefs are there as if they were grouped about the dying embers of a council fire."

Silent screen immortal William S. Hart, himself an aficionado of the old West, said of Barry in a 1916 issue of *Motion Picture Magazine,* "Barry, I firmly believe, knows more of the real history of the frontier days than any other man, living or dead."

He should. He knew and mingled with prominent men of both the United States and Indian military. He was adopted into the Sioux tribe. It was the Sioux, mystified but impressed by his art of photography, who gave him the title, "The Little Shadow Catcher".

Barry remained on intimate terms with a number of the generals of the Indian wars after he moved to Superior. He corresponded with some of them and also with the widow of Gen. George A. Custer. Inaccurate reports about the Indian wars, of which he had intimate knowledge, would rouse his ire and he would fire off a critical letter to the editor. Yet Barry did not produce as much memorabilia, written or dictated, as under the circumstances might be expected. A writer of long ago noted that "on the Custer Massacre, for example, he is very reticent. In some cases he gave his word to officers and Indian chiefs to preserve silence, and of course he cannot break his word."

Barry was born at Honeoy Falls, New York, March 5, 1854. His family emigrated to Wisconsin, and it was at Columbus, Wisconsin that Barry learned the fundamentals of photography as an apprentice.

Barry was still in his early twenties when, attracted by the excitement of the frontier, he went to Bismarck N.D. This was the end of the line. Beyond was Sioux country.

Barry photographed facets of the rough frontier town of Bismarck, including steamboats on the Missouri. He moved on to Forts Lincoln and McKeen where army officers came to sit for their portraits.

As action against the Indians quickened, Barry yearned to get to the scenes of action. He cultivated the officers and gained their confidence and esteem. His profession opened the door for him, and before long Barry was in the thick of it. Soon his photographs were appearing in magazines around the world.

Barry arrived in Bismarck in late 1874; the annihilation of Custer's forces was a scant two years in the future. From 1878 to 1888 Barry visited many of the forts on the Missouri — Buford, Assiniboine, Berthold, Custer, Yates, Rice and McGinnis.

Photography in those days was a difficult task. Barry coated his own plates and developed his own pictures, sometimes within a half hour after they were taken.

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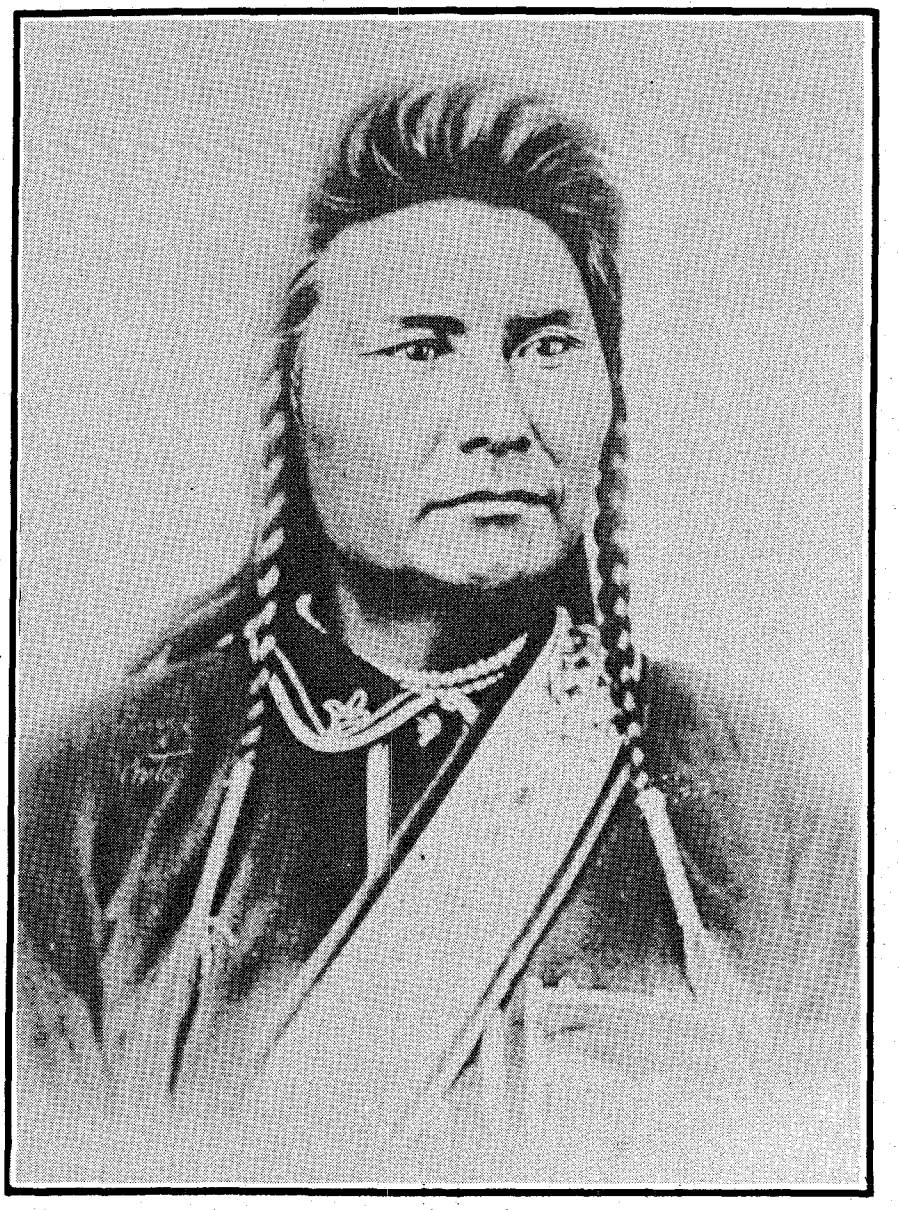

From the files of the Douglas County Historical Museum, Superior, Wisconsin.

Chief Joseph

Throughout the wars and afterwards, Barry also managed to cultivate the good will of the Indians. Rain-in-the-Face, Gall, John Grass, Sitting Bull, Good Horse, Circling Bear, Crow King, Curly (the famous scout) and lesser warriors all had a "good heart" for him.

An instance in point is Barry's last meeting with the great chieftain Rain-in-the-Face who visited the photographer in his cramped quarters. As he rose to leave, he stripped off his moccasins and gave them to the Little Shadow Catcher! "This is all I have to give," said the defeated chieftain, "My heart is on the ground."

It was after the Battle of the Little Big Horn that Barry decided to take photographs of the Indians and their way of life. When he heard that Sitting Bull was going to surrender, he went to Fort Buford and there got portraits not only of Sitting Bull, but many others. Barry received permission from the Army authorities, but he had to deal with the Indians also, which caused some problems.

Barry had to overcome the Indians' superstition about the "magic" by which the Shadow Catcher could transfer their likeness to a glass plate and a print from it. This superstition led to a clash with Chief Gall who tried to seize the glass plate Barry had made of him because it was "bad medicine". An altercation followed, and Gall pulled his knife. Barry dashed into the darkroom and came out with a revolver. Later, the two men became good friends.

Once the Indians became familiar with Barry's photographs, they no longer raised objections. Most of them were delighted to sit for their portraits for a copy, but the head chiefs got $21, a price which Barry was glad to pay. His photos were selling at big prices to *Harper's Weekly* and *Leslie's Weekly,* the leading news pictorial magazines of the time.

Barry probably learned more details of the Battle of the Little Big Horn than any man of his time, but he kept silent, considering his sources confidential.

An early newspaper reporter wrote of Barry: "He has letters from General Benteen, which would be of extraordinary interest if given to the public, but he says that the General, now dead, would probably not wish him to make public a confidential correspondence." He spoke to some extent, however, to another reporter on the Custer Massacre. He said that Majors Reno and Benteen were brave and loyal officers who had been badly misrepresented by the press. It is to be remembered that this was during a period of deification of Custer as a great military hero.

"Majors Reno and Benteen," he said, "obeyed their orders to the letter and fought bravely. They filled their part of the contract. It was Custer who failed, by not meeting them where he had promised. Of course, he could not do this, being stopped by the great mass of redskins. The massacre was entirely due to his rashness.

"When he found what awful odds he had to contend with, he should have retreated and awaited reinforcements, as did that greatest of Indian fighters, General Crook, when, with a small force, he came upon the same body of Indians later in the season. Custer was a brave and loyal officer, but he was rash."

Barry knew Custer, Reno and Benteen personally. He held that General Crook and General Miles, also his friends, were the greatest Indian fighters our country has ever known. He believed that Miles was not appreciated by the American people.

Speaking further of the massacre, he said that many of the reports of it were wrong. Barry believed that Curly, the Indian scout and the only one of Custer's ill-fated band to escape, knew nothing of the battle, although he gave a long and erroneous report which duly appeared in different publications.

"For one thing," said Barry, "Curly said the battle lasted all afternoon." Later estimates place it at 35 minutes. Barry said it was not more than twenty, stating that Indians had shown him how far they

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rode from the beginning of the fight to the finish in a vain attempt to get in the skirmish, and he says it could not have taken them more than 20 minutes to go that distance.

Barry visited the Custer battlefield on the 10th anniversary of the fight, in company with the Reno survivors. He was invited to go with them as an official photographer, the only civilian. It was not until after this event that the hitherto unrelated part of Custer's movement was learned, according to Gen. Benteen.

The statements of Chiefs Gall, Crazy Horse, Rain-in-the-Face and Sitting Bull were the real sources of information regarding the Custer fight. Gen. Benteen was reluctant to write on the subject of the so-called Custer massacre though he had fabulous offers from magazines to do so. In a letter to Barry given to the press, Gen. Benteen wrote:

"You see, dear Harry, the fighting of the Little Big Horn came upon Custer unprepared, as it were, no plan having been formulated in his mind, save sending Reno with his three troops which, up to this time had been marching with the interval of ten yards or so, parallel with Custer's five troops, across the river to develop what he could.

"Custer promised to support Reno with his entire outfit. Then some other idea must have struck him which, whatever it was, appears to have prevented him from communicating with Reno, leaving the latter only the expectation of being supported by Custer from the rear. Through Chief Gall we have learned the hitherto unrelated part of Custer's movement, but some ten years too late.

"All this time I was in search of the Indians, some 15 miles to the left and rear, Custer not wanting a single one to escape. Well, you see, I had then a better idea of the real state of affairs, particularly as to the strength of the Indians, and I deemed it my duty to get to the column with all possible speed, believing there would be work enough for all of us. That I got there in time to save Reno's columns, there is no doubt. We did not know where Gen. Custer's column was, but Chief Gall tells us that thirty minutes was sufficient to destroy it, so its salvation was beyond our efforts.

"Its annihilation was due to whom: Custer, Reno or Benteen? To who but Custer! The whole business, from breaking into the four columns fifteen miles from the Custer battlefield, was so hastily done; the fact that Custer knew nothing about the location of the Indians was absolutely without knowledge to form an opinion that ... it does not seem possible that a man could have been so reckless as our commander proved himself to be on that long to be remembered day.

"The world does not know all that might be known upon this subject, Barry, and I do not think it would be much benefited by so knowing. His admirers have gone to such great length to show up the courage, and so much time having elapsed, that the world should look upon Custer as a martyr.

"From being a participant in the Battle of Washita in November 1868, and from the manner that the Seventh Cavalry was handled there by Custer, I formed an opinion that some day a big portion of his command would be scooped if such faulty measures were persisted in. The time came. It is easy to talk of what Reno might have done, but I know that all I could have done was done, after I joined him on the hill. Nobody knew where Custer was. Trumpeter Martin had been sent back with an order to me to bring up the pack mule train. When that order was sent to me by Custer, he could not tell within ten miles where I might be found.

"My orders were explicit through Martin to 'Bring up the packs,' and made more so by a postscript, 'Bring packs'. As soon as packs arrived and some ammunition was issued to the men of Reno's command whose horses had been lost in his run from the valley, a determined effort was made to proceed in the direction

Red Cloud

From the files of the Bozeman Daily Chronicle, Bozeman, Montana

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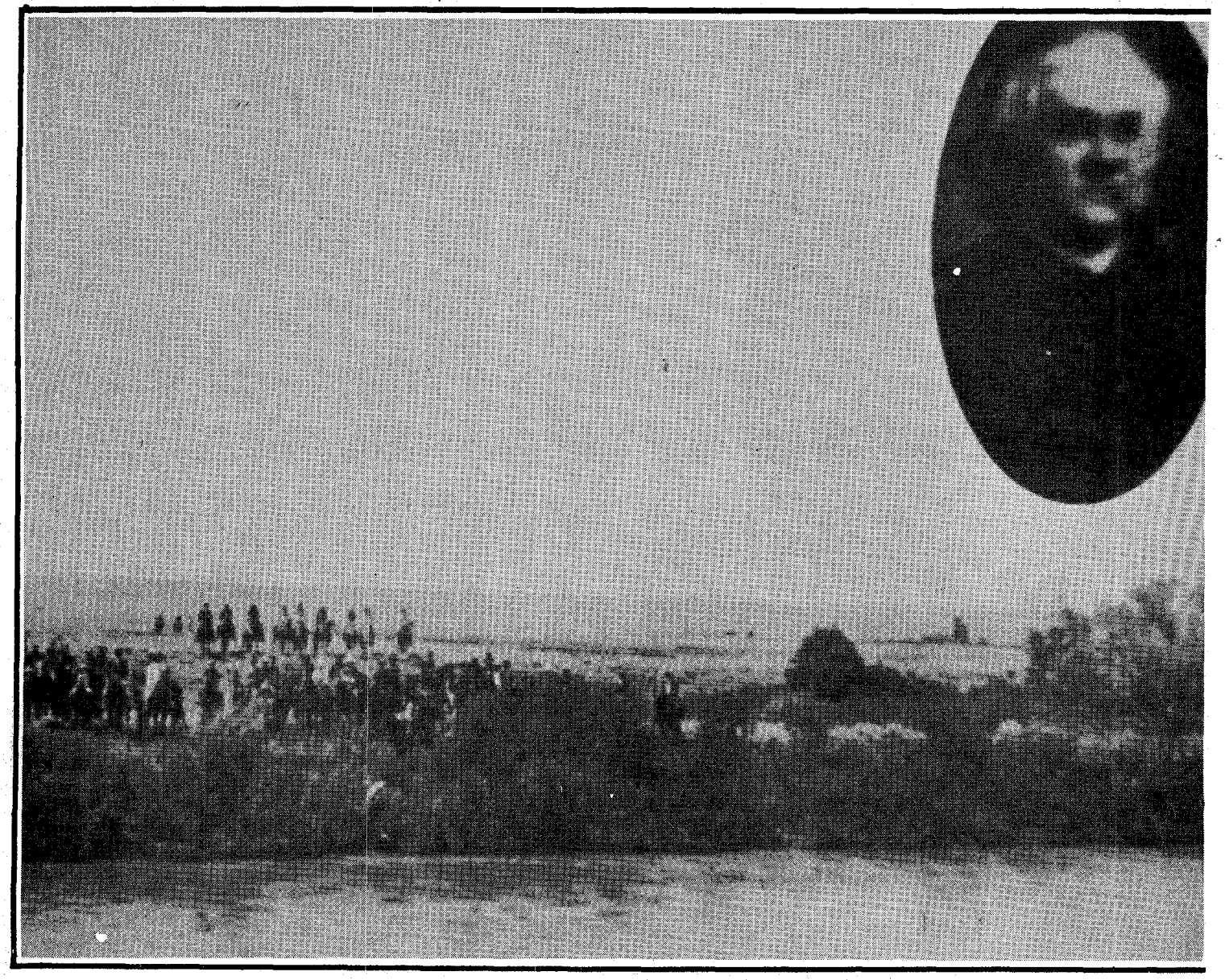
From the files of the Douglas County Historical Museum, Superior, Wisconsin.



Crossing the Little Big Horn

where scattering shots — some say volleys — had been heard. Too much time had been lost.

As Gall says, about 35 minutes sufficed, as near as he can fix it, to destroy Custer's forces. But the capper of the whole climax — there were altogether too many Indians, and those Indians were as good fighters as ever the sun shone on, waiting for some foolish trick of dividing a small column into four distinct commands, but one of which was within supporting distance of another."

Photographer Barry was greatly impressed by Chief Gall, as were many other people. Said Barry:

"I first saw Gall at Fort Buford, and for the first time in my life I was impressed with the sight of an Indian. His bearing was almost regal, his face expressive, and his slightest motion graceful. He was a born leader of men, more brave than crafty, and he knew not what fear was. He was the brainy and intrepid chief of the most warlike band of Indians I ever saw. He attracted attention wherever he went, and those who have seen him, I venture to say, have never forgotten him.

To show you how Gall inspired admiration, I will read to you a letter I have from Mrs. Elizabeth B. Custer, widow of General Custer, written since the massacre: 'Painful as it is to me to look upon the pictured face of an Indian, I never in all my life dreamed there could be in all the tribes as fine a specimen of warrior as Gall!' That is a telling tribute!

"There was no half-way business about Chief Gall. When he was hostile, he was on the warpath in earnest and the soldiers knew what to expect. When he was at peace he was to be trusted, and woe to the brave of his band that violated the bonds of friendship by a hostile act."

In a short monograph Barry described Rain-in-the-Face: "Maligned and often misunderstood, Rain-in-the-Face hated the whites for killing their game and cattle — the buffalo. True, he was a real savage when on the warpath. It is a fact he killed Holzinger and Baliran on the Yellowstone, simply because they had no right on the Indian reservation. At a war dance at Standing Rock, Dakota Territory, Rain-in-the-Face walked into the circle and related how he shot Holzinger and Baliran. When he finished his story, the Indians gave him great applause.

"Charlie Reynolds, Custer's scout, was present unbeknown to Rain-in-the-Face, and reported to General Custer that he had listened to Rain-in-the-Face tell of shooting

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these men. Later Captain Yates and Tom Custer with one hundred cavalrymen arrested the Chief at Standing Rock. He escaped from the guard house at Fort Abraham Lincoln, Dak. He next met the Custers on the little Big Horn river, June 25, 1876, and no doubt he mutilated Capt. Tom Custer. In 1877 when on a buffalo hunt, one of the Colt revolvers he got, went off accidentally, hitting him in the knee and making a cripple out of him.

"He surrendered to General Miles, and was one of the truest and most loyal Indians I ever knew. When moving from Dakota, Rain-in-the-Face came to my gallery, took off his moccasins, tied them together, handed them to me saying: 'Keep them as long as you live. When you look at them, think of Rain-in-the-Face. Now I say good-bye to you and my heart is on the ground', walking away barefooted. He died at Little Eagle, on the Grand river, Sept. 12, 1905."

It was through incidents like this and other personal contacts that David Barry gathered the collection of artifacts and memorabilia now on display at the Douglas County Historical Society museum in Superior, Wisconsin. The collection comprises hundreds of articles — guns, revolvers, hunting knives, scalping knives, war clubs, bows, arrows, buckskin clothing, bone implements, moccasins, shell ornaments, scalps, game pouches, almost every conceivable thing used by Indians in both war and peace.

Articles in the collection possessing the greatest historical value are a Sioux painting, a carbine and Colt's revolver picked up on the Custer battlefield, Sitting Bull's Sharps rifle, a shield used in a ghost dance, Chief Gall's bow and scalping knife, Custer's camp chair, and flags used in the ghost dance during the Messiah craze.

Sitting Bull's rifle was taken the day of his death and was presented to Barry by Indian Agent McLaughlin. The painting measures 18 by 3 feet and represents Crow Indians stealing Sioux ponies. The Sioux are shown as trying to save their mounts with guns in hand. The shield is a combination of buffalo hides cured by a certain process which makes it almost impenetrable by a bullet. The collection includes Sitting Bull's autograph, the only thing he learned to write, and his shirt, looking glass and pipe.

Barry further counted among his friends many of the leading actors of his time, such as Roland Reed, Nat C. Goodwin, Daniel Sully, Otis Skinner and Richard Mansfield. Whenever these stage favorites appeared at the old Opera House in Superior, they made a companion of Barry during their stay. It was one of Barry's proudest moments when Buffalo Bill came to Superior with his circus, and he rode down Tower Avenue in the same carriage with Cody.

Following his death in 1934, Barry's collection was put up for sale and was sought by museums, groups and individuals from all over the country. Friends of Barry and Superior citizens, however, raised $450 to retain the collection, and in that city it remains, the envy of collectors as eminent as the Smithsonian Institution. ● **RW**

From the files of the Douglas County Historical Museum, Superior, Wisconsin.

Sitting Bull

REFERENCE SOURCES:

File of material including a large number of newspaper clippings on David F. Barry, in the museum of the Douglas County Historical Society, Superior, Wisconsin.

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COVER STORY

By Ethel Kimball

HACKSAW TOM

Courtesy Bill Christensen, Denver Colorado

The battling Norseman at 80 years of age, just before he left Salmon City on his final journey.

Thomas Morris Christensen was his name but no one in the Salmon River country in Idaho ever knew him by any name except Hacksaw Tom, the man who carried full-grown rattlesnakes around inside his shirt, the man who seemed to be afraid of nothing and nobody!

"Step right this way, ladies and gentlemen!" shouted the barker. "See killer snakes tamed by the bravest man in the world. One wrong move in this pit of terror means death from fangs loaded with venom so powerful an elephant would die!"

Drawn by the ballyhoo, a crowd began gathering in front of the tent, and music from the merry-go-round throbbed in the carnival air of this early-day Lemhi County Fair at Salmon City, Idaho.

As the barker continued his eloquent spiel, the crowd suddenly separated, making plenty of room for a grizzled man in a peaked Stetson to saunter through. The man walked directly up to the barker and said in a growling voice, "I bin listenin' to yer pack of lies long enough. Now if you want to see a real snake act I kin show ya one."

"I beg your pardon, sir," the barker objected, his face reddening in anger, "if you want to purchase a ticket you may stay. Otherwise, move on before I am forced to physically eject you."

"Before you what?" asked the man incredulously. Then, as the barker started menacingly toward him, the man also took a step forward, at the same time reaching inside his shirt.

If that barker's heart wasn't permanently damaged by fright, he may have lived to tell his grandchildren about his hair-raising experience in the Wild West when he had not a gun but a rattlesnake pulled on him. With a piercing screech he took off for parts unknown, and the grizzled man nonchalantly proceeded to put on a snake act never to be forgotten by the spectators.

The barker had no way of knowing it, but it was no accident that the crowd had parted for this man. Known as Hacksaw Tom, he was a living legend in this country where unique people were the rule instead of the exception. It was a common occurrence to have Hacksaw walk into a saloon filled with strong, brave men and, a few minutes later, see them all spew out the door and onto the street. With Hacksaw as the only customer left, the bartender would cower when asked to serve some booze next to the live rattler stretched out on the bar.

Nor was his threat limited to snakes. One night, after closing the Salmon City theater, the manager took her visiting sister-in-law to the Smoke House, a local cafe, for a cup of coffee before retiring. Born and raised in a big Eastern city, the sister-in-law was absolutely horrified at what she saw when they walked through the door.

There, sitting at the counter, was a grizzly bear-man holding a huge T-bone steak in one hand and tearing off huge chunks of it with his snaggled, blackened teeth — while with the other hand he was throwing knives at a

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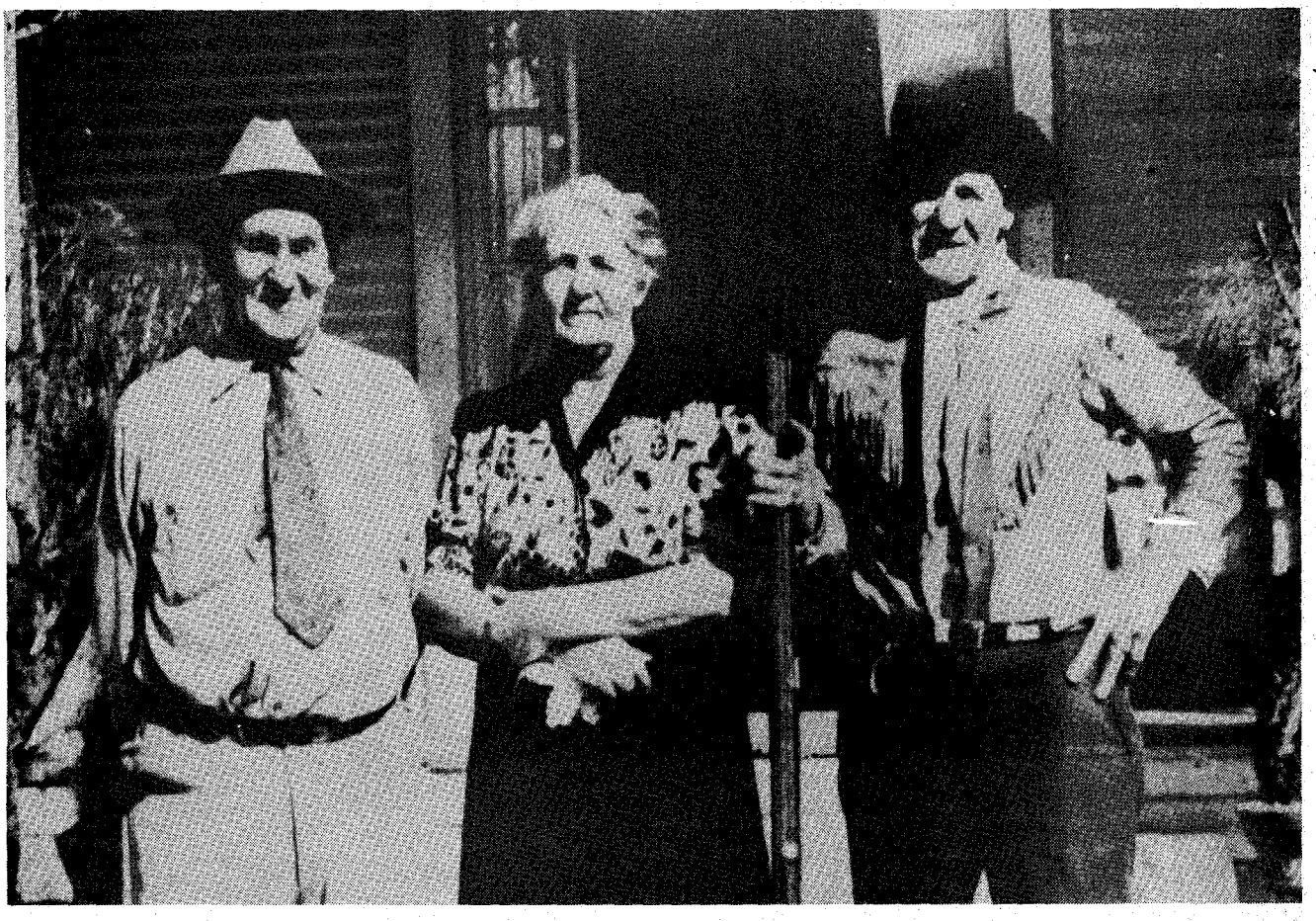
The Rattlesnake Man



Courtesy Bill Christensen, Denver, Colorado

Hacksaw Tom in full western regalia and supporting gun, poses with brother Ted and wife at their home in Arizona.

frightened man backed up against the wall! Hacksaw Tom was real handy with knives!

No one knew much about Hacksaw except that he was a hermit-type loner, lived in a log cabin down the River of No Return, did some trapping, and also guided adventurous dudes on hunting expeditions into the wild back country. His trips to town were infrequent, for which everyone was grateful since he always brought one or more of his "friends" with him.

And, in his own perverse way, he gave the impression that these rattlesnakes were the only friends he needed or wanted. He kept them snuggled close to him under his shirt, but he never missed a chance to pull one out and show it off. If someone showed any special fear of the snake, he could count on being a target for Hacksaw from then on.

Nobody knew for sure where the "Hacksaw" title came from, but it was commonly believed he had once used such a saw to escape from prison. It's highly probable that he told the story himself, because that's the kind of a guy he was — proud of his escapades. At any rate, nobody could doubt he was definitely a candidate for jail most of the time!

He was hated and feared by many, and some of the tales told about him, even if only half true, could have sent him to the gallows. On the other hand, people who were close enough to be called neighbors along the lonely stretch of river told stories of his kindness to them — that is, if he liked them.

If he didn't, they'd better give him a wide berth. Mr. and Mrs. Jim Bennett, who at that time lived on a ranch at Spring Creek, were neighbors he did like. Mrs. Bennett, now an art teacher at Salmon City, has many fond memories of nice things he did for her own family, but she notes with humor that Hacksaw did not like her mother (the feeling was mutual!) and delighted in heckling her.

Mr. Bennett, now retiring from duties as engineer for the Idaho Fish and Game Department, well remembers the time he was riding horseback in the mountains with Hacksaw and had their trek interrupted by a monstrous rattler across the trail. Jim jumped off the horse and picked up a rock to slam onto the snake. But he was stopped in his tracks.

"Jim!" Hacksaw commanded, "don't you dare kill him!" Then, as Jim watched in wonder, Hacksaw eased up to the snake and began talking to it. "Don't be scared, feller," he said soothingly, "jest be quiet. You an' me are friends, and ya ain't gonna git hurt." While he talked he slowly reached for the snake, and before long he had it tucked safely inside his shirt!

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Other people had often seen the fangs on rattlers Hacksaw carried, but no one had reported actually seeing a wild one caught until Jim saw it with his own eyes. It was unbelievable, but it happened. However, Hacksaw made it plain that if the snake had been a young one he would have left it alone. "Can't trust them little ones to do anything right," he stated flatly.

As unpredictable himself as a young rattler, Hacksaw could do anything he set his mind to. He built a chair that could be tipped over and become another chair on the opposite side. On the single wide board that served as the common back for both, he carefully scrolled designs that would be the ears of a bear on one side and the ears of an owl when the chair was tipped over. Facial features of each were skillfully painted in almost living colors, and there was no limit to the kinds of animals depicted.

He was also an expert taxidermist. But his contrary nature wouldn't be satisfied with the normal. He'd mount small deer horns onto the head of a rabbit; a squaw fish mouth on a steelhead trout, and countless other weird combinations. Many of these he brought to town and displayed in the local hardware store for the amazement of tourists and residents alike.

While in the hardware store, he always made a point of cornering the owner's son who was scared to death of him and his snakes. Naturally, this boy hated Hacksaw and happily remembers a day he got his comeuppance when he left several snakes in a cardboard box across the street in the garage while he went to take care of some business.

After he'd gone, two of the mechanics stirred the rattlers with an electrical prod, and when Hacksaw returned, saying he guessed he'd get his friends and head for home, he also got a shock. His docile pets greeted him with savage rattling and struck at his reaching hand. "What the hell's got into you?" he asked in surprise, and it was quite a while before he got them calmed down enough to tuck back into his shirt.

At one time, Hacksaw mounted a life-size elk, then he got its backside shoved through the door of his outside privy and took pictures of it. From the snapshot he had postcards made to send to people he knew everywhere. On the back of one still in existence, he wrote, "Believe it or not, this bull elk without horns was in my toilet not more than 20 yards from my house." It was good advertising, and since the picture was taken in the winter when bull elk shed their horns, he probably had many believers.

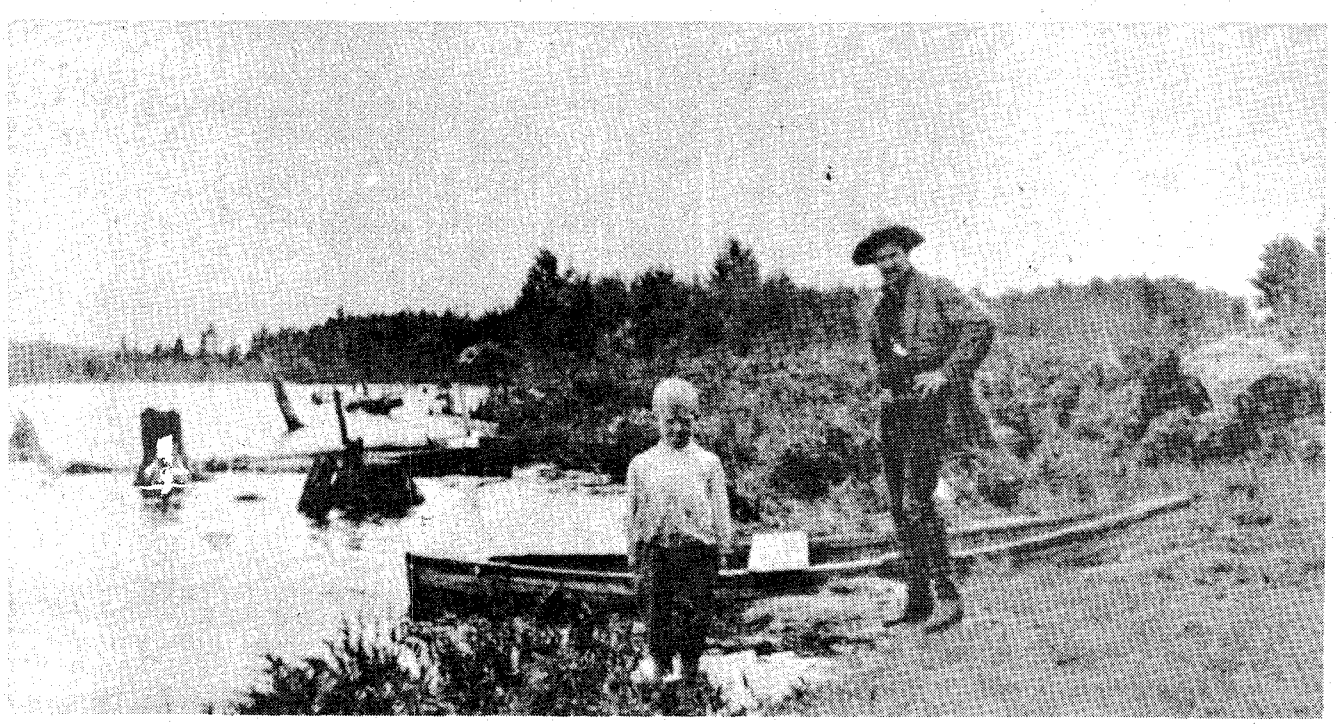
The late C.K. Evarts knew Hacksaw well, as Evarts prospected for gold in much of the back country and also took hunters into the area. He told a story about Hacksaw coming into his camp at mealtime one day and gratefully accepting Evarts' invitation to eat. With an eager audience of dudes and conversation around cooking in a tent, Hacksaw said with sad seriousness, "Ya know, I had to kill the best dog I ever had on account of cookin'.

I was showin' off fer my dudes and figgered instead of jest flippin' a big hotcake up in the air to turn it over in the skillet, I'd flip it clear up the stove pipe. Did it, too. But when I run outside to ketch it, I tripped over my dog and missed the hotcake. Jest had to kill him."

Having already seen the "pet" under his shirt, not one man, except Evarts, even cracked a smile.

Then there was the summer he talked a Forest Service crew into taking him with them on an extended expedition into some far reaches of the mountains. His free meal ticket was an expensive camera to document the trip, and it was never out of his hands. If there was a particularly wicked rock cliff handy, he'd get the foreman to pose in some dramatic, dangerous way over the precipice while he moved about endlessly, searching for the best light and angle to focus the picture. He had them climb trees to inspect high limbs, or gut-haul huge logs out of the trail, or any other stunt that hit his mind as a good idea for a publicity stunt.

At the end of the trip, when asked how soon the supervisor could expect to receive copies of the photos, they got a run-around speech to be envied by a politician, complete with no binding promises. He later told a friend, "Hell, who kin afford to buy film? It's a kodak one of my dudes fergot to



Courtesy Bill Christensen, Denver, Colorado

Hacksaw and his son Bill at Great Catfish Lake, Wisconsin about 1912.

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Courtesy Bill Christensen, Denver Colorado

Hacksaw demonstrates humor as he levels a gun at would-be robbers in a mock holdup at Racine.

take out with him, and I've never ever had any film for it." Chuckling, he added, "Sure et good. Learned a heap a new huntin' country too."

If anyone did any griping about Hacksaw's hoax, it was never made public. It's a cinch no one would confront him on his own territory about anything unpleasant. His log cabin was a veritable fortress, literally crawling with defenders. Brave men avoided him; the not-so-brave didn't even talk about him except in hushed whispers. That's the way he wanted it. He was a loner, as rough and tough as his rugged surroundings. As far as was known, he was like 'Topsy' — he wasn't born, he just grew.

And then one peaceful, late afternoon a young stranger from the East suddenly materialized on the old trail along the river. Heavily loaded with a back pack of camping gear, the stranger mosied down toward the log cabin on Hacksaw's placer claim at the mouth of Ebenezer creek and stood spraddle-legged, a scant few yards away, grinning with amusement at him.

Scowling angrily at the gall of this Eastern dude invading his privacy, Hacksaw bristled like a bulldog. But before he could move, the stranger burst into laughter and said, "What's the matter with you, Dad? Don't you know your own son? I'm Bill!"

That's the way the meeting occurred, but even then Hacksaw's past remained a secret known to very few. It wasn't until 1972 that this writer learned of the family he'd left behind many years ago. Bill, the son, read a yarn written about the Salmon River Country and was moved to write its author concerning the area he had once known with his father. Through letters written from Bill's present home at Denver, Colorado, much has been learned of the rattlesnake man.

Born March 5, 1875, during one of the coldest blasts of winter, somewhere along the rugged coastline of Norway, Thomas Morris Christensen was descended from the formidable Norsemen Vikings. When he was about two years old, his parents decided they'd had enough of the rigors endured by their ancestors and made the big move to the shores of the New World.

Eventually, they took up a small piece of land near what is now Racine, Wisconsin, on the shore of Lake Michigan. It was there that young Tom grew to manhood and married a lovely girl named Annie, whose parents had immigrated from Denmark, and settled on a farm at North Cape. Their first son, Bill, was born May 28, 1903. When he was about three years old, Tom's wanderlust could be contained no longer, and he loaded his family on the Chicago & North Western train for a cross-country move to the thriving town of Salt Lake City, Utah.

Tom found work as a carpenter; he helped on a big repair job being done on the Mormon Tabernacle, worked on the City Courthouse and also on the building of the great Salt Air Pavilion on the enormous pier out into Salt Lake. A second son, Elmer, was born here but later drowned in an irrigation ditch near one of the many houses they lived in. Then Tom cut his foot in half with his adz one day while on the job, and he decided it was time to leave this run of hard luck behind.

This move was to Farmington along the rutted road to Ogden, Utah, settling in an old abandoned house on the mountain side. It was called the Old Red Mill, due to the ancient grist mill along a now-dry stream, and had a small apricot orchard just below the house. That's where Tom began his education about rattlesnakes.

(From here on, the story will be told mainly in Bill's words as he later wrote the account in his letters.)

We hadn't been there but a matter of a few hours when we discovered the place was completely overrun by rattlers! They were literally all over — not only under the house but in it, too. They came up through the knotholes in the rotten floorboards, they were under the beds, they were out on the porch, on the hillsides, in

(continued on page 50)

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FORTS OF THE WEST

The SISTER FORTS of Montana

By
Louise Auer

These forts were built by the U.S. Army in the 1880's just in time to help control the Plains Indians who were facing the end of the kind of life that had always been theirs. Fort Custer was on high bluffs just twelve miles from the Little Big Horn and Fort Keogh was built on the Yellowstone River.

U.S. Signal Corps Photo, National Archives

The 10th Cavalry on review at Fort Custer, Montana.

This is the story of two important military posts built in Montana Territory during the last century. They were called the Sister Forts because they were built around the same time and because their histories closely parallelled each other. Both were established because of the tragic Custer Massacre of June 25, 1876.

First, let us take Fort Custer and consider its history. On the high bluffs offering a view of the Little Big Horn just twelve miles from the scene of the actual battle where Custer and most of his 7th Cavalry met their deaths stands the site of old Fort Custer.

According to Michael J. Koury who wrote the fine book, *Military Posts of Montana,* and who graciously gave me permission to use his book as research, the military leaders of the U. S. Army had been recommending for some years to the War Department that two military posts be established in the Yellowstone Valley of Montana Territory.

Yet nothing was done in this regard until the Custer tragedy on the Little Big Horn. It was then that the War Department got busy. Less than a month after the death of Custer and his men, a special act of Congress authorized the establishment of two posts in the Yellowstone Valley. One of these was eventually to become Fort Custer.

But at the time of the authorization, it was impossible to start construction on the two posts since the Missouri River was not open to traffic. So it was not until June of 1877 that boats were able to navigate the river to

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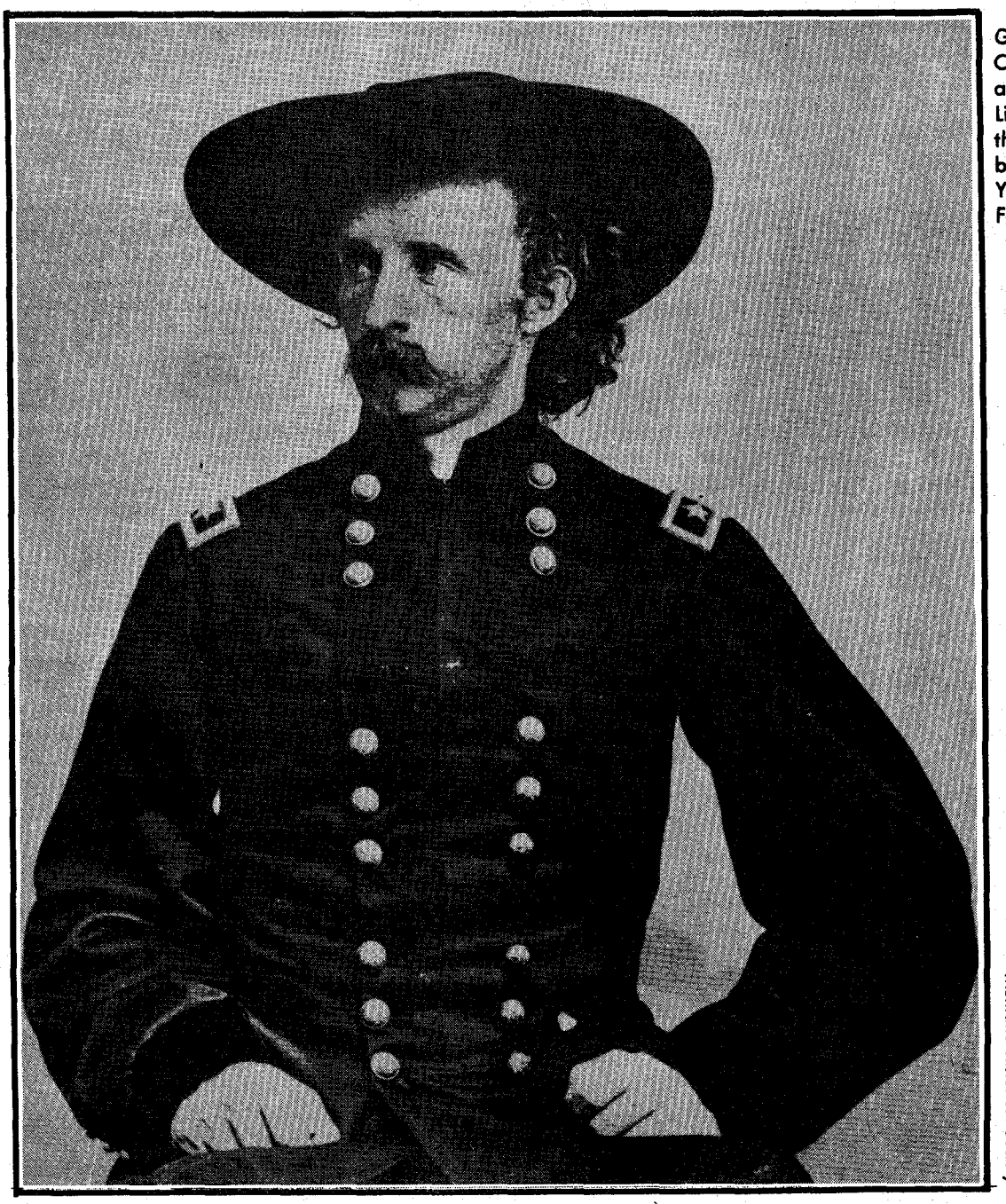

George Armstrong Custer. His defeat and massacre at the Little Big Horn caused the U.S. Army to build two forts in the Yellowstone Valley, Forts Custer and Keogh.

Montana Historical Society

transport the men and materials necessary to begin construction.

At first, the fort was called the Little Big Horn Post. The boats landed at what was called Terry's Landing so named in honor of General Terry who came to see the beginning of the post. It did become a big freight depot of quite some importance. General Sherman selected the landing.

When it was decided to build a fort overlooking the Little Big Horn, Generals Sherman and Sheridan decided to come to see for themselves what the fort would look like and just where it would stand. Sherman came via the river on the steamer *Rosebud*. Sheridan came overland from Fort Stambaugh. The site had already been chosen by Lieutenant Colonel Buell of the 11th Infantry who had preceded the two generals to the spot. Sherman and Sheridan found him hard at work building the post. With him were six companies of the 11th Infantry along with some two hundred civilian workers. Work was going well when the two generals arrived there.

Sherman wrote to the Secretary of War, George W. McCrary, to report that General Sheridan and he had held a conference and had agreed that the new post was indeed well located and that it could be supplied with reasonable economy in the future.

He also noted that the new post would be well garrisoned by six companies of the Second Cavalry. He made mention of the fact that Lieutenant Colonel Buell had been on the site less than a month and already he had a steam saw in operation and a good supply of cottonwood logs to be sawed into lumber to use in building the new post.

He also noted that Buell had some two hundred civilian mechanics at work and six buildings were already under construction. Buell felt sure that he would complete the fort before the winter set in.

Sherman went on in his letter to the Secretary of War, noting that the location of the post was in the very heart of the Sioux country, and with the coming of the fort, the Indians could never hope to regain their lost ground. Undoubtedly, they would be forced to remain at their agencies or take refuge in Canada.

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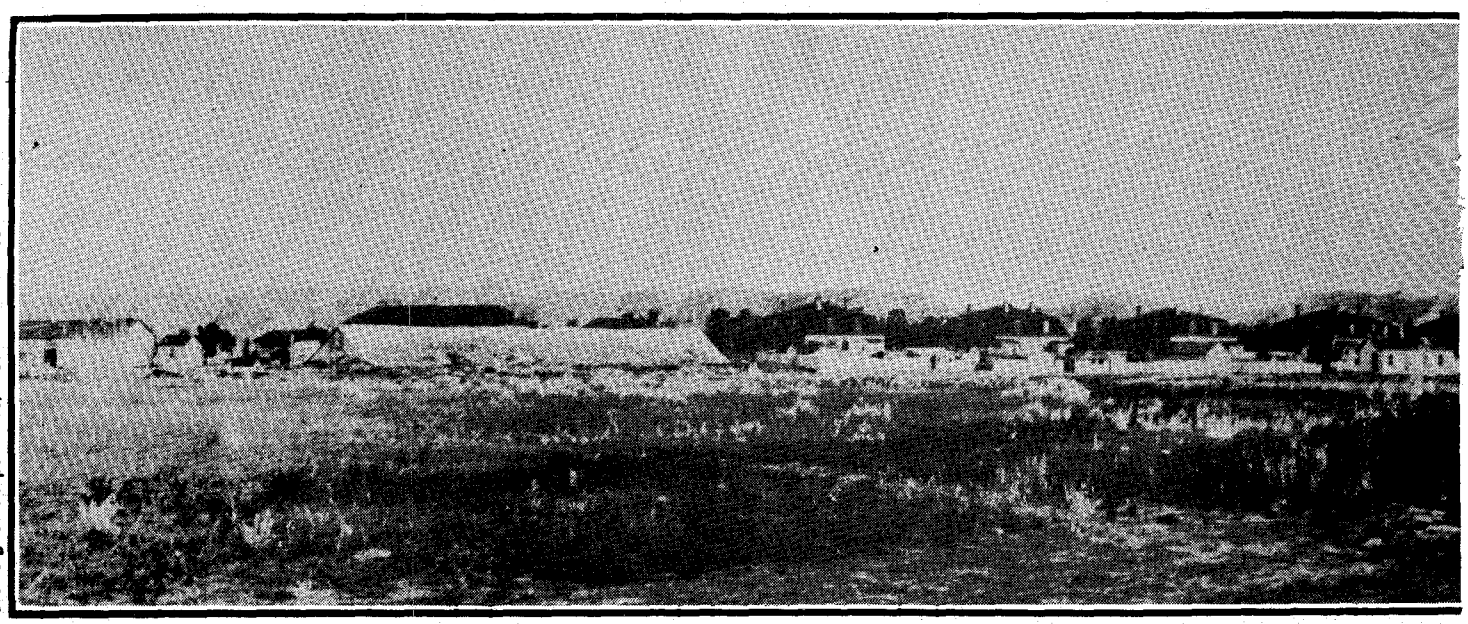

U.S. Signal Corps Photo, National Archives

Fort Keogh, Montana

When Sherman and Sheridan arrived, six steamboats were unloading building supplies for the post of Fort Custer. And they found General Terry selecting a landing site. Sherman and Sheridan bent their efforts to help him. They all finally agreed on a landing located on the Yellowstone River some thirty miles distant. Although it necessitated a wagon haul of thirty miles, the generals deemed it more advantageous than a trip via steamer.

Finally the new post was finished, and what a fine and staunch fort it was. At no time was there ever a stockade around it as so many western forts had, and it was never needed in the lifetime of the fort. It was just a few months after the completion of the post that the name was changed to Fort Custer.

There were usually six to nine companies of soldiers stationed at the fort. Many of the officers and enlisted men had their wives along, so there was a good deal of social life there and the fort was gay. Dances were often held, and many plays were put on for the entertainment of the men and their wives. Mr. Koury notes that life at Fort Custer was pleasant.

The stockmen who drove their herds from Wyoming to Montana used a trail across the nearby Crow Reservation. In 1878 the agent there, George W. Frost, assessed a toll of one dollar per head on all cattle driven across the reservation. It was hard to collect from the cattlemen, so Frost called upon Fort Custer and the soldiers collected.

The Crows were friendly and many were employed by the post as scouts. The soldiers and visitors who came to visit the famous battleground of the Custer Massacre often visited the reservation and enjoyed talking with the Crows.

The interpreter of the new post was Thomas H. LeForge who had been with Gibbon during the campaign against the Sioux on the Little Big Horn. His wife was a Crow squaw. He often camped out on the battlefield of the Little Big Horn during the summer months. He noticed that the heroes who had perished with Custer were not properly buried, as many skeletons stuck out above the ground. When this was reported to the War Department, it made haste to correct the matter and sent out a burial detail to rebury the heroes. LeForge was with this detail which came from Fort Custer.

There was usually no trouble with the Indians in the vicinity of Fort Custer, but some years after its establishment there occurred what was called the Crow Rebellion. A Crow warrior, known as Wraps-up-his-Tail, revealed that he had received a vision from the Great Spirit indicating that if he would wave his sword, all the soldiers at the post would fall down, never to rise again.

The Indians, at least some of them, believed him and gave him the name of Sword Bearer. This so-called vision came to Wraps-up-his-Tail even before the advent of the famous Ghost Dance. He also firmly believed that bullets fired by the troopers would have no effect upon him. He had a few believers among some young bucks. They dressed in red flannel, mounted upon red horses and followed him.

Sword Bearer rallied his cohorts in their red flannel suits and led them on a raid to steal horses. When they made a triumphant return, the agent requested they be arrested. Sword Bearer, flushed with victory and self-confidence, was defiant and refused arrest. He then rode up and shot up the Crow Agency. The First Cavalry came on the run under orders from General Terry but took no action.

Terry wanted a full investigation of the matter before any action was taken. Sword Bearer rode hastily to the Cheyenne Agency which was not far away and attempted to gather more followers. But the Cheyennes refused, for they knew the might of the white man and did not wish to antagonize the soldiers.

It was then that the troopers began to prepare for real trouble. They began to close in on the hostiles in large numbers. Colonel Dudley of the First Cavalry had troops A,B,D,G and K of the First Cavalry and Company B of the Third Infantry and Troop A of the Seventh Cavalry ready to take action. Dudley then told the Indians to either fight or surrender.

There were one hundred and fifty hostiles, and for a while it seemed there would be a battle, but before the battle could begin, Sword Bearer, confident that he could not be harmed, rode arrogantly forward swinging his sword.

He did this to show his bravery in front of the U. S. Troops. The soldiers fired and his horse fell beneath him. He received a wound in the heel. When they saw their leader had fallen, the hostiles moved off. Sword Bearer escaped, but when he returned to the Agency he was slain

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by an Indian policeman. Thus ended the short-lived Crow Rebellion, and all was quiet at the Agency.

Although Fort Custer did not experience much trouble with the Indians in the vicinity, it was a most important post. When it was first established, it lay in the heart of the Sioux country. And up to that time no white man had ever dared to settle there.

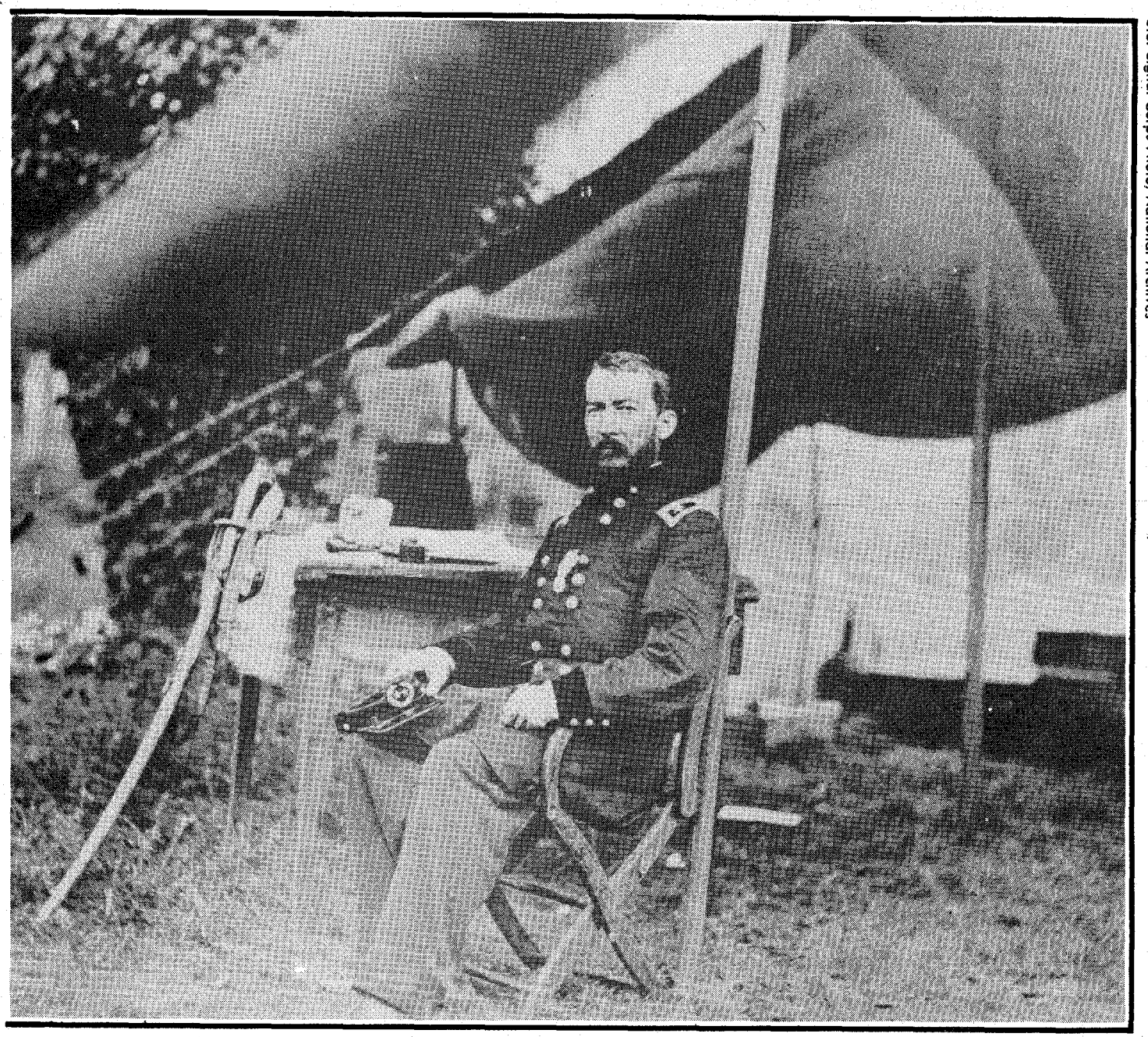
But even before the post was completed, white men came and established ranches and even towns near the post close to the protection of the troopers who manned it. Some of the towns were Billings, Crow Agency, Hardin and Coulson. So it is a fact that Fort Custer established the white man in the Valley of the Yellowstone.

The post continued to operate a long time after it was actually needed. It was not abandoned until 1898. At that time the material in the post was given to the Crow Indians. What the Indians did not want was taken to nearby Hardin. The soldiers raised the flag, saluted, and then took it down and rode away from the gallant old post.

For a while after the abandonment of Fort Custer, it was used as a golf club by the Hardin residents. Now there are only a few depressions and a monument to show that Fort Custer once stood on the site.

Now let us take Fort Keogh and examine its history. According to Mike Koury, the military leaders had asked that a post be established on the very site of what was to become Fort Keogh. Its position was indeed strategic. As has been noted earlier in this article, the request was not heeded until after the Custer tragedy. It was only a month afterward, on July 22, 1876, that $200 was appropriated for two posts in the Yellowstone Valley.

On July 6, 1876 Colonel Nelson A. Miles got his orders to go to the Territory of Montana from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Mike Koury notes that these orders were actually issued to Miles' second-in-command, Lieutenant Colonel E. Whistler. But Miles was the boss and he insisted that he was entitled to command the



U.S. Signal Corps Photo, National Archives

General Sheridan helped select the site of Fort Custer.

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force to Montana since the orders called for more than half his regiment to accompany the party.

The Command in Washington did not restrain Miles, for he was a distinguished officer and had served bravely in the Civil War. Miles was not popular with his men; that is why the orders to go to Montana were originally issued to his second-in-command.

With Miles went his Fifth Infantry, and they ran smack into the Sioux Campaign that was being carried on at that time. Miles and his men were a little late for the campaign, but he tried mightily to make up for the lost time. He joined up with General Terry, and since he was very critical, he picked at everyone around him. Very few of the officers had shown any energy in the campaign, so for several weeks the large army meandered around Montana Territory, doing very little.

Miles had already sent his deputy to the confluence of the Tongue and Yellowstone Rivers to start the military post he had come to Montana to build. Miles was determined that his Fifth Infantry should have a base. At first, it was called the New Post on the Yellowstone then the Cantonment on the Tongue River and the Tongue River Barracks.

The men were not housed very comfortably in the huts (made by digging a trench, then standing poles in them and filling the cracks between the poles with mud — the roofs comprised of more poles, also filled with mud). When it rained, the mud poured down upon the floors. The troops complained, as the huts were dark, cold and verminous.

The troops really hated their quarters, but Miles saw no fault with them. He intended to spend the winter out in the field anyway on the Sioux Campaign. General Terry broke up his command and detailed Gibbon back to posts in Montana to spend the winter.

Orders came to the Seventh Cavalry to march to Fort Abraham Lincoln, and General Miles received his orders to move back to the Cantonment on the Tongue, but he had no intention of spending the winter there. Miles, happy to be rid of General Terry, took to the field. He had a few fights with the Sioux from October 10 to October 18.

Miles also fought the Sioux on December 7, 18, and 29, 1876. Miles celebrated the New Year out in the field and on New Year's Day fought with the famous Crazy Horse. He met Crazy Horse again on the 3rd and 8th of January and fought the Battle of Wolf Mountain.

While Miles did not accomplish a decisive victory in any of his skirmishes with the Sioux, the Indians did learn that there would be no respite for them from the soldiers. Many were left hungry and homeless after the skirmishes with Miles. In April of 1877 some 300 Indians surrendered to General Miles, and in May some 2,000 gave in to the relentless general.

Miles then secured forces in the form of four troops from the Second Cavalry. He also got Companies E and H of the Fifth Infantry, and with this added help he engaged Lame Deer and his warriors in a skirmish. Lame Deer, who was a famous chief, was slain by Miles' troops. The date was May 7, 1877. Miles also captured enough horses from Lame Deer's men to mount the companies B,F,G, and I of the Fifth Infantry. Thus he was able to move faster.

Although the weather was freezing, Miles marched his men literally hundreds of miles across Montana.

As soon as the weather permitted travel on the river; materials started arriving via the Missouri for the new post in the Yellowstone Valley. Miles immediately began construction of the post.

General Sherman wrote to Secretary of War McCrary and advised him that the men had reached this post on the south bank of the Tongue River and that while the troops were still in occupation of the huts that had been erected the winter before, a new post was under construction.

He also advised McCrary that General Miles was in command and that he held about 300 Indian prisoners. There was no hostility in the neighborhood of the new post, and Sitting Bull was about two hundred and fifty miles north into Canada.

He continued his letter by writing that when the new post was finished, the quarters for the men would be quite comfortable. Sherman was quite sure that the Indians would not return and that in a very few years Montana Territory would be safely away from any Indian hostility.

He did advise, however, that it would be wise to keep a well-garrisoned post on the Yellowstone. He praised highly the post that was in the making and wrote that supplies were plentiful enough to last through the winter. So it may be seen that General Sherman was enthusiastic about the post that was to become Fort Keogh.

Sherman also wrote that he considered the question of Indian hostilities to have been solved by Miles the previous winter and that the two posts established on the Yellowstone would keep the peace between the Indians and the whites.

In his letter to McCrary, Sherman praised Colonel Miles highly, and it will be seen later that this was to pay off in a big way for Miles. It might be said that Miles' stay at Fort Keogh was his finest hour. Sherman also wrote that by then the boats were able to navigate the river, a feat they had not been able to perform a year before, and that wood yards were being established to fuel them.

He stated that many of the hostiles had been forced to go to the agencies and that some had, in fact, fled the country because of the coming of the Montana forts.

Sherman was right, for the Sioux War was almost ended. In 1881 Sitting Bull, in a pitiful condition with only a handfull of followers, would return to the United States from Canada and surrender to the whites.

At last Fort Keogh was finished, and what a fine post it was! By the end of 1877, more than thirty of its buildings were completed. The houses for the officers were like homes, and the barracks were most comfortable. In fact, they were better than the housing in most of the western posts.

The fort provided fun for the men also, as there was a billiard hall, a library and the Fifth Infantry band. Michael Koury writes that Fort Keogh was an unusual post from the start, as it was one of the few diamond-shaped posts in the west.

The commandant's house was at the west point of the diamond, and the officers' quarters were on both sides. It was a well-built fort and, like its sister post, Custer, had no stockade around it nor was one ever needed.

Fort Keogh was an impressive looking post, and it became a most important one. It was eventually named Fort Keogh in honor of one of the heroes of the Seventh who perished with Custer. Keogh had been a fighting man all his life, "from Africa to the Papal Army to the Union fighting Army to the Indian fighting army.

He died a hero in the Indian fighting army. His horse was found wounded on the battle ground after the great battle of the Little Big Horn and treated and saved. He lived a good life until his death."

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In 1878, 754 enlisted men and 36 officers were housed at Fort Keogh. The soldiers were not busy, as the Indian wars had practically ended by that time. The Fifth Infantry remained as did a cavalry regiment or so. They were transferred in June of 1888 to service in Texas.

Back in 1877 the troopers quartered at Fort Keogh had enjoyed peace, but soon it ended, for it came to the ears of Miles that the Nez Perce Indians of Washington had left the state and were marching to Montana. As soon as he received the news, the energetic Miles took to the field.

With him were three companies of the 7th Cavalry and five companies from the 5th. The troops carried along a single-shot Hotchkiss breach loader and a twelve-pound Napoleon. They staged a forced march and arrived at the Missouri River in 24 hours. They crossed the river via steamer.

Once on terra firma, Miles pursued Chief Joseph of the Nez Perces with vigor. He finally caught the great chief in the Bear Paw Mountains. Joseph and his people mistakenly believed that they were in Canada. When they found that they were still in the U. S. A., they put up a mighty battle, for Joseph was a military genius.

Some of the Indians managed to flee across into Canada, but Joseph finally surrendered to Miles and General Howard who had managed to catch up with Miles. Joseph had run away from General Howard in his flight from Washington into Montana and had outfought both Sturgis and Gibbon. And so ended the Indian wars in Montana Territory.

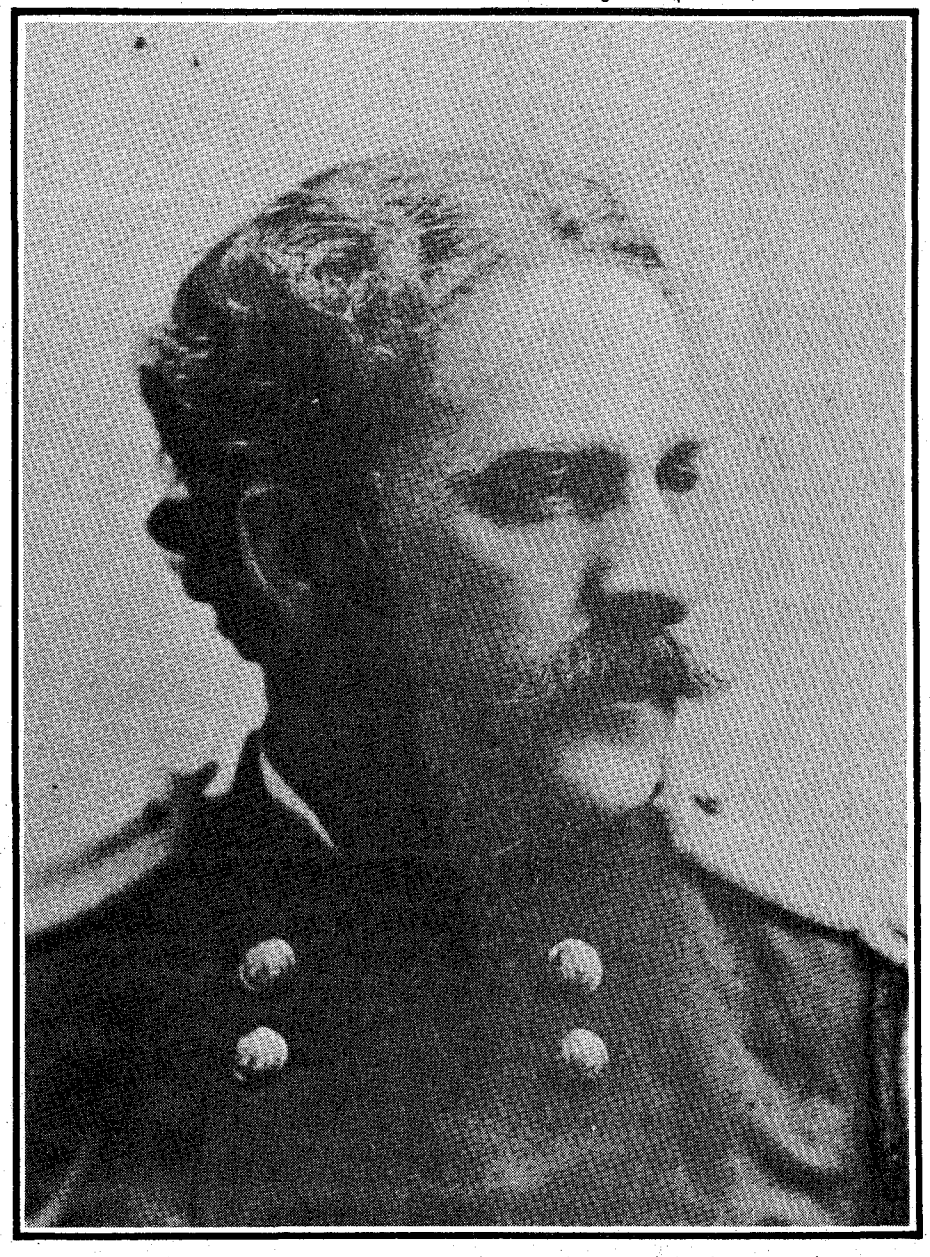
Before the advent of the Nez Perce victory, Miles had been elevated to the rank of Brigadier General. A little later he would attain the rank of Major General. In the Civil War he had been a Major General of Volunteers.

In 1892, somewhat belatedly, of course, he was awarded the highest honor in the U. S. A., that of the medal of honor for gallantry at Chancellorsville in the Civil War. So it would seem that Fort Keogh was the making of Miles. He had indeed done a good job there.

After the troopers left Ft. Keogh in 1900, it became a remount station.

Nearby, Miles City, originally known as Milestown and named in honor of General Miles, had grown into a small town. When the remount station was established, Miles City became famous all over the world as a horse town. The remount station remained until 1908, at which time the old post became a livestock experimental station. And so Fort Keogh lived on after its sister post, Ft. Custer, had expired.

U.S. Signal Corps Photo, National Archives



General Nelson A. Miles commanded Fort Keogh during the late 1870's. He defeated Chief Joseph and the Nez Perce in the Bear Paw Mountains as they headed for the safety of Canada.

The old buildings of Fort Keogh were condemned not too many years past. The house of General Miles went up in flames a few years previously. When the experimental station was active, the personnel of the station used the buildings.

One of the houses of Fort Keogh was destined to be moved to Miles City to serve as a museum called the Fort Keogh Museum. And thus ends the story of one of the grandest forts in all of Montana Territory. It served well and brought peace out of chaos for the territory.

For a fitting epitaph I will use the closing words of Michael Koury in his chapter on Fort Keogh. Of the museum, he writes, "I am glad that the old fort will have some mementos — she was too important to vanish without a trace."

The Sister Forts of Montana served a need in the territory. Both were located in strategic positions and both served their purpose well. Montana, called the "Land of the Big Sky", today owes much to the sister forts of long ago. Their lives were flamboyant and purposeful. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Military Posts of Montana by Michael J. Koury

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Nevada Historical Society

Washoe City in 1863. At one time Washoe City's population was 7,000. It is now a ghost town with only one building left standing.

WASHOE CITY of the COMSTOCK LODE

By DORIS CERVERI

This was what life in Washoe City was like back in the days when Virginia City was booming and this community built on the north end of Washoe Lake was the sporting center of the region. There was horse racing at Lousetown, saloons, ice boating on Washoe Lake and fistfights, brawls, and gun battles to keep folks from getting bored.

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In less than a year's time, Washoe City ranked second in Nevada Territory with a floating population of 7000, more or less, which included a large assortment of lawyers, doctors, businessmen and newspapermen.

Presently, just a few ruins remain; there is a pioneer cemetery, an antique store, a couple of bars, and numerous homes of individuals who have retired or just established homes there to be in the country.

Life was gay, boisterous and exciting during the boom days in Nevada that followed the discovery of silver in Virginia City. This was especially so in the small community named by John W. Grier and Peter Rice who laid out a town at the north end of Washoe Lake.

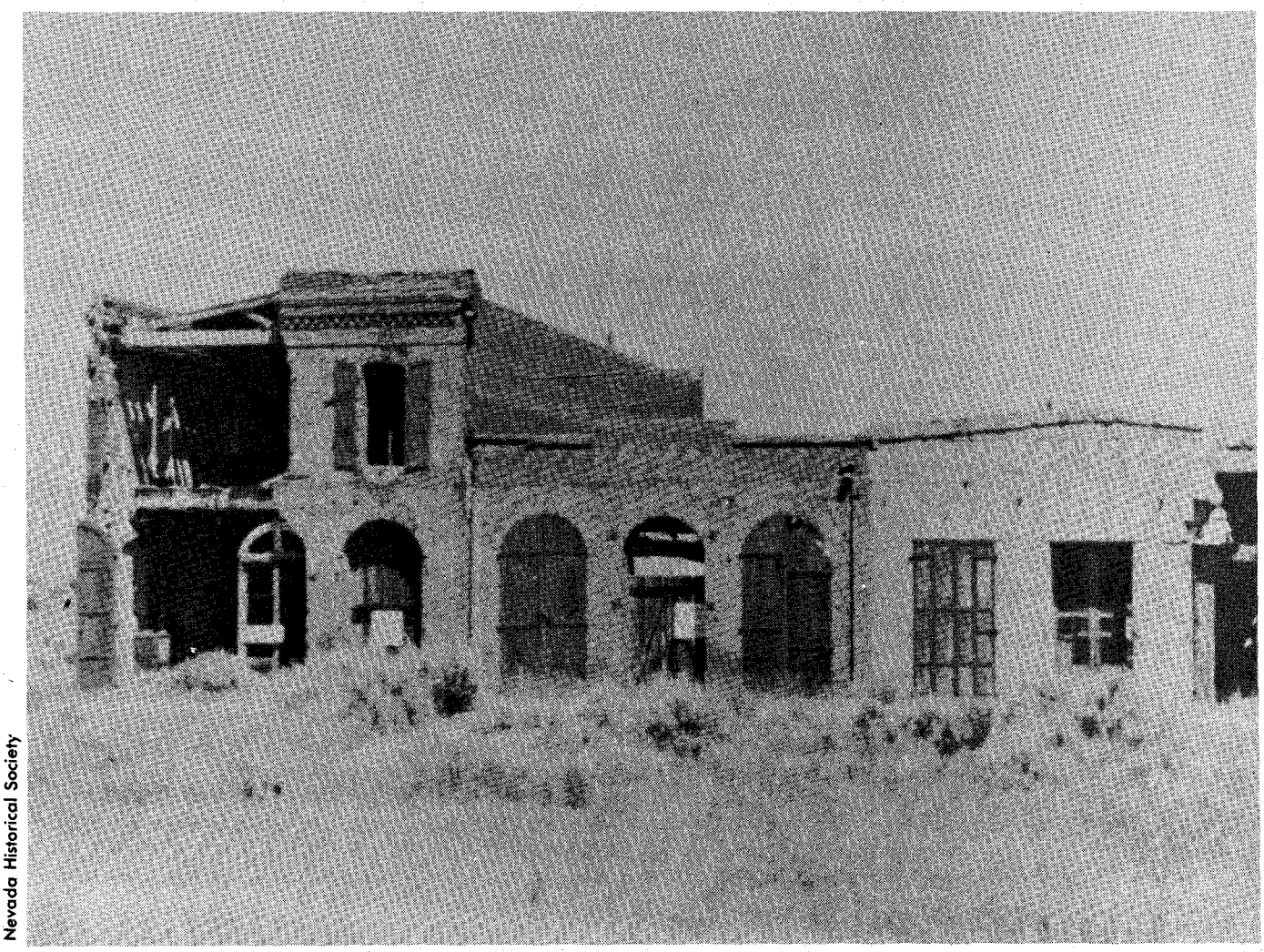
It was a sporting rendezvous for the surrounding area, and on weekends muckers and teamsters came from the mines in Virginia City and mingled with lumberjacks and bullwhackers from Galena, a mill town some four miles distant. Because these hardy men had no love for each other, fistfights, brawls and gun battles were numerous. The brick jail was usually filled to capacity, and the four newspapers in operation at that time never lacked for news.

Horse racing at nearby Lousetown was a favorite diversion, too, and ice boating on Washoe Lake was enjoyed in winter. These sailboats on skates, designed and built by engineers working at the mill, skimmed down the smooth surfaces of the lake at speeds up to 100 miles an hour.

Some twenty-one lawyers offered legal aid in Washoe City, and according to newspaper ads over eleven doctors tried to keep the populace hale and hearty. Seven tobacconists also sold fruit, candy and toys. One tobacconist, Nat Holmes, sold school textbooks and was the postmaster, too, for many years. A variety of wares was offered by four department stores, including groceries, hardware, furniture and wagon wheels.

No one's throat was dry and parched; eleven saloons took care of that problem, and a shaving emporium where one could get a bath had a brisk trade. In addition the town boasted of having a saddler, a tailor and a dressmaker, as well as the architect, Mr. John Steele, who designed an elegant brick courthouse costing $15,000. And this wasn't all — there were two meat markets, eight grocery stores, three drug stores, a photo gallery, a bootmaker, a tin, copper and iron worker, one theater, and two men who worked together as watchmaker and jeweler.

An item in the *Eastern Slope* indicates that 75, 10-mule teams worked between Washoe City and Virginia City, and there were five livery and feed stables to service the teams. One stable was capable of housing 300 horses and 100 tons of baled hay.



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The ruins of this former business building is all that is left of Washoe City.

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Another newspaper, the *Washoe Times,* was short - lived because the publisher, G.W. Derickson, was shot in his office by H.F. Swayze on January 23, 1863, four months after the first issue. In September, though, the paper started again with James Allen, a former editor as publisher. However, he died suddenly while attending the State Fair in Carson City on October 31.

The town had its share of characters, too, especially Pat Murphy and Doc Barnum who owned cows so much alike that when they were together you could not tell one from the other. Murphy's animal strayed one day, and Barnum's was turned loose to graze. Pat wanted some milk for supper in the evening and finding his cow (he thought) drove her into his yard and milked her.

Barnum saw him and swore out a complaint charging Murphy with stealing milk which did not belong to him. Judge Bennett presided, and there was a hand - picked jury of 12 men. Various bits of evidence, as related by several witnesses, caused peals of laughter among the spectators, and when everything was completed, the jury retired for their verdict. In just five minutes they returned with the following:

"We, the undersigned jurors in the case of Washoe County vs. Murphy find that the cow was milked in the second degree."

Establishing a town in a valley was only natural because bulky, silver - laden rocks and logs needed for timbering in the mines could be hauled down hill, and wagons, instead of returning empty to the mines, hauled cordwood and timber back to Virginia City. Numerous sawmills furnished the cordwood, and quartz crushing was another important industry. Much of the loading was done at night in order that teams could reach Virginia City in one day; so the town was a beehive of activity both day and night.

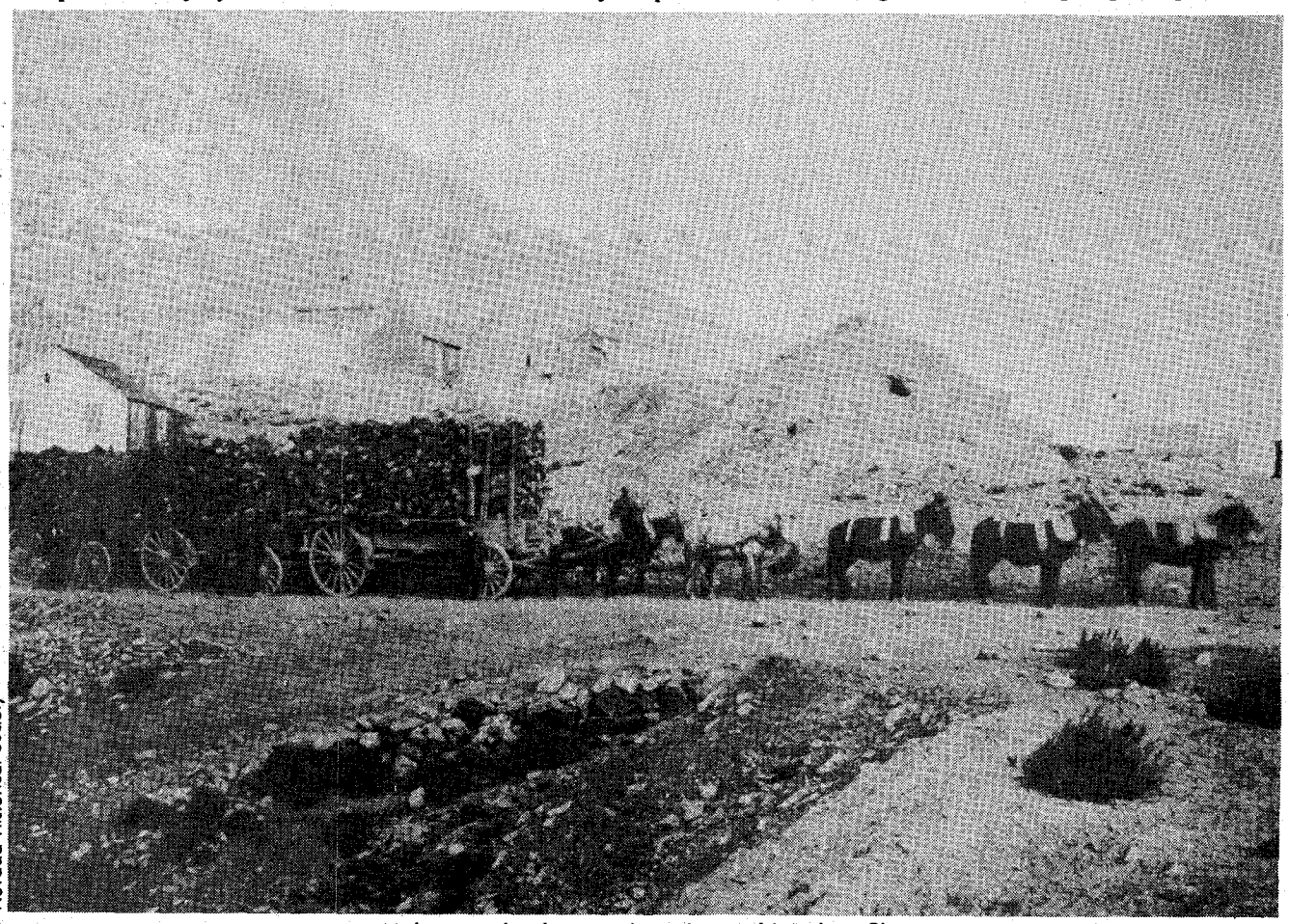
Washoe Valley is 12 miles long, running north and south, and is 6 miles wide. The southern portion of the valley contains Washoe Lake, which is about 4 miles long and 2 miles wide. In season, it affords good hunting and fishing. From this lake, lowlands and tules extend in a strip to little Washoe Lake at the north end of the valley.

Besides being well situated, Washoe Valley is quite fertile, comprising many varieties of excellent soil. The area is very picturesque, lying at the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada slopes which are heavily forested with pine and fir. In the 1860's a good water supply came principally from Franktown, Ophir and Brown's Creeks.

Numerous stately ranch houses were built in the valley, the principal one being Theodore Winters' brick and frame building. Behind this was a large racetrack where the racing of purebred horses was quite an attraction.

Historic Bowers Mansion is another showplace in the valley. In 1862 work was started on cutting stone for this mansion, and Sandy and his wife went to Europe to buy luxurious carpets, beautiful paintings, china and silver service, and other furnishings. This now belongs to the Washoe County Parks Department which purchased it several years ago. The buildings and grounds have been completely restored, and it is a popular, public picnic and swimming area.

During the Comstock boom, ranches furnished garden produce to all the surrounding towns, and hay, grain, etc. brought good prices. In



Nevada Historical Society

Mule team hauling cordwood out of Washoe City.

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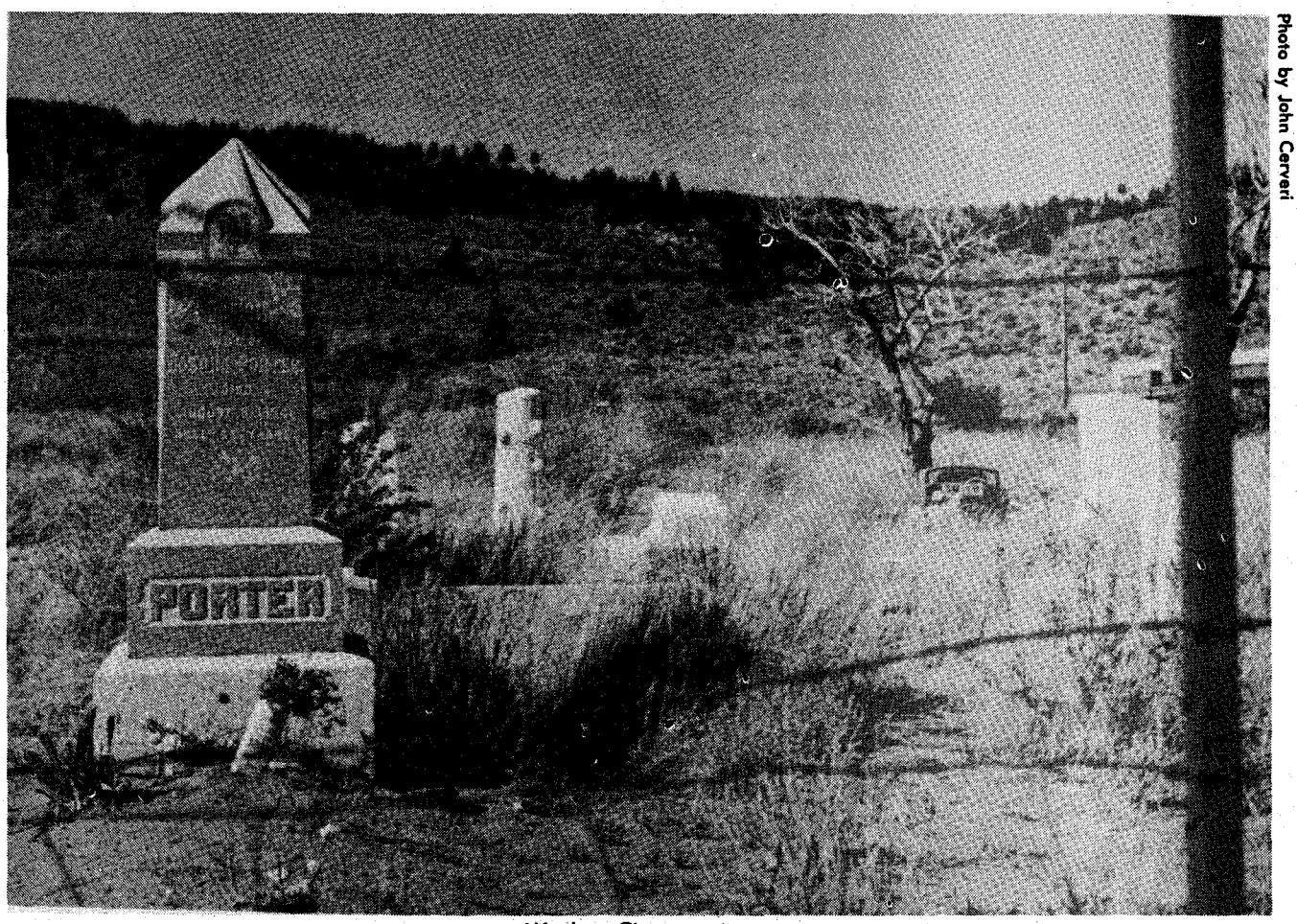

Photo by John Cerveri

Washoe City cemetery.

fact, hay cost $100 a ton, and it was not prime hay either. For example, F.C. Dickinson had a ranch and his principal crop was tules, from which he derived the nickname "Tule Frank".

As the saying goes, this "moniker" stuck to him like a Carson girl stuck to her mother. Frank had two Dutchmen working for him who mowed tules in their shirt - tails when the ranch was flooded with three feet of water — a condition seemingly necessary to insure a full crop.

Soaking wet tules were raked out and thrown into the hay press. When the beater came down, a deluge of water poured out. Frank took a load of this "hay" into Virginia City, and it was said that he left his team on the grade and went into town to see whether hay or cordwood got the better price. If cordwood, he had a load of it; if hay, he had that. Later, people demanded better quality, and ranches were forced to produce it in order to make a sale.

Washoe City was designated as the county seat when the county was authorized by the Territorial Legislature. Previously, this area had been a portion of Carson County, Utah Territory, but the entire western part of Utah Territory was known as Washoe to pioneer and miner alike for some time.

The valley and the county were named for a tribe of Indians, the Wasu or Washo who camped along the Sierras from the Truckee River to the Carson River. They gathered acorns along the slopes of the mountains and roamed through the Pine Nut Hills in the Virginia Range (also known as Washoe Mountain) in early Comstock days.

In fact, it is believed that Washoe territory extended as far north as Susanville, California, southward through Bridgeport and Mono Lake and westward to Big Trees in California. There was an abundance of choke cherries, wild onion, wild currant and gooseberries to eat, and this they supplemented by fishing and catching rabbits. Archeologists are of the opinion that the Washoes lived in the valley and in the Tahoe Basin for at least 4000 years.

The first actual white settlement in Washoe County, however, was not Washoe City but Franktown, which was settled by a man named Clark in 1852. Mormons who did not believe in polygamy (and there were a few) comprised many of the earliest settlers of Washoe County.

Long lines of pack trains, mule and ox teams, stages, and travel of all kinds were part of an extremely active throng who passed through the valley. Those who did not stay were on their way to the goldfields of California.

Unfortunately, Washoe City's great surge of activity failed to sustain itself, and the building of numerous mills nearer to the Comstock's mines and along the Carson River was the first cause for the town's decline. Another small community, Empire, with its mills absorbed a large part of Washoe's business interests. Also, when the Virginia and Truckee Railway operating between Virginia City and Carson City was completed, ore and timber wagons were no longer needed.

Then, too, when the tracks of the Central Pacific reached Reno in May 1868, many of Washoe's citizens bought lots in Reno. Soon Reno was clamoring for the county seat and succeeded in wresting it away from Washoe. After this a few old residents stayed for a while, but many people moved to Reno. To make matters worse, many of the town's principal

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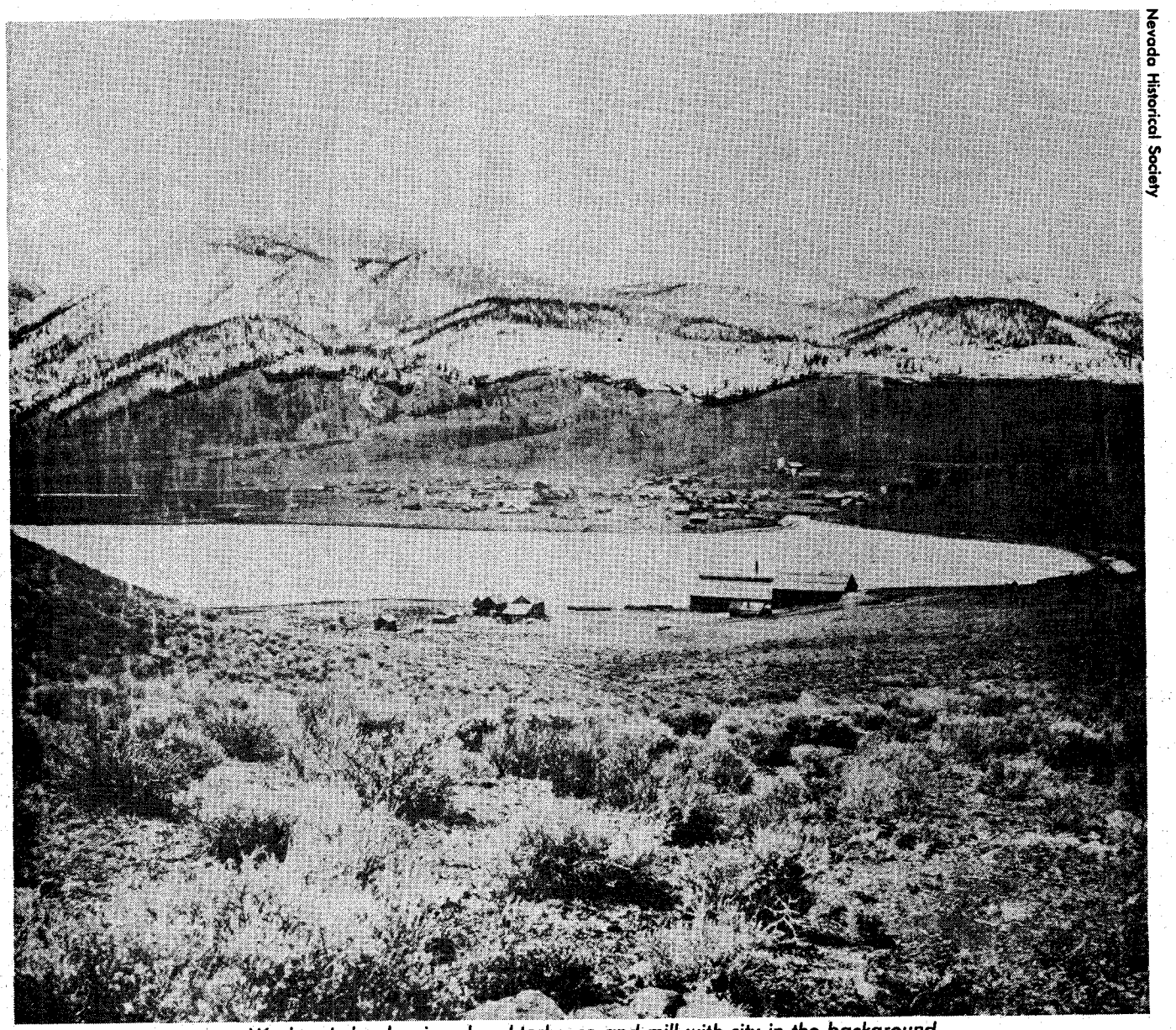

Nevada Historical Society

Washoe Lake showing slaughterhouse and mill with city in the background.

buildings were destroyed by fire on the night of April 28, 1873.

The first business institution to desert Washoe was the *Eastern Slope* newspaper, which moved its offices to Reno and operated under the name of the *Evening Crescent*. More stores closed, and the courthouse was torn down and hauled to Reno to build a jail. Vandals looking for old brick literally took deserted buildings apart one by one, and gradually the last remnants of Washoe City disappeared.

The sleepy little hamlet made the news once more in 1972 when an archeological survey uncovered numerous foundations of buildings, the main street, etc. in their search for Indian artifacts. The largest foundation and part of a wall is thought to be a building of McFarland's brick block. According to newspaper ads of that time in the *Washoe Weekly Star* and *Eastern Slope*, the McFarland Building housed the Bank Exchange Saloon, Nat Holmes' tobacco and fruit store, the post office (opened in 1861), and other businesses.

Excavations uncovered bottles, a wooden keg, a doll, numerous old coins, etc. It is believed, also, that ruins and the foundation of the courthouse have also been discovered. Since all this has been unearthed, curious individuals have been roaming over the 45-acre site. Harry Frost, who owns the acreage, has spent $5000 in partial restoration of the only building left in Washoe City.

This is of stone and has an iron door. It is now enclosed by a chain link fence as a protection against vandals who care little for historic sites. Frost feels that the area should be protected because not often is there such a unique opportunity to excavate an Indian campsite and at the sime time "discover" a ghost town such as this. It has been recently suggested that the area become a state or county park.

Others find the cemetery a very interesting place to visit. Many pioneers are buried there. Although some of it is overgrown with sage, there still remains some impressive monuments representative of a bygone era. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

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By Nono Minor

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life. By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

INDIAN HEROES

To try and cover all of the many Indian heroes in a small article would be impossible. Many of the Indians who fought so bravely for their land are well known; still others fought for their convictions in a different manner.

Eli Samuel Parker was a mixed-blood Seneca of the Wolf clan. He was the son of Chief William Parker and the grandson of Chief Red Jacket. Eli Samuel Parker was born in 1828 on the Tonawanda reservation in New York. His Seneca name was Hasanoanda or "Coming to the Front", but when he became the eighth chief of the tribe he received another name, that of Deionin' hoga'we, or "It Holds the Door Open". He was educated at public schools and later studied engineering. He was employed as an engineer to build a Government building at Galena, Illinois. This was also the home of Ulysses S. Grant, and the two became friends.

This lasted even after they joined the Union Army at the outbreak of the Civil War. Parker's distinguished service at Vicksburg led to his selection by Grant to become a member of his staff. In May, 1863, Parker became assistant adjutant-general (with the rank of Captain) and was secretary to General Grant until the close of the war. He became a brigadier-general of the volunteers in 1865 and a first lieutenant of the cavalry in the United States Army in 1866.

In 1869 Parker resigned from the Army to accept from President Grant an appointment as Commissioner of Indian Affairs. He retired from public life in 1871. He was a friend of Lewis H. Morgan, the ethnologist, and was a co-worker in preparing the book "League of the Iroquois" published in 1851. His sister Gahano or "Hanging Flower", known to the white man as Caroline G. Parker, married John Mountpleasant, a Tuscarora. He also had a younger brother, Nicholas. Eli Samuel Parker died August 21, 1895.

Petalesharo, sometimes spelled Pitaresharu "Chief of Man", was a Skidi Pawnee, born about 1797. He was the son of Latalesha or "Old Knife". It was the custom of the Skidi Pawnee to sacrifice a young captive to the Morning Star. This they believed would bring them good fortune: the corn would grow tall and the crops would flourish. From childhood Petalesharo had been against this cruel custom. He had proved his bravery because he had taken many scalps in battle, but his pleas to let the captive live fell on deaf ears.

When the time came, one year, for the sacrifice to take place and a captive Comanche girl was about to be killed, Petalesharo jumped between those about to kill her, untied her and put her on a horse. He then took her to within a mile from her camp and set her free. Because of this brave deed he was asked to come to Washington where the girls from Miss White's Seminary gave him a medal.

Tavibo, or "White Man", was a Paiute Chief born near Walker Lake in Esmeralda county, Nevada. He was a medicine man, and when the white man started crowding the Indian from his land, Tavibo was their only hope for salvation. He went into the mountains to receive a message or revelation from the Great Spirit; when he returned to camp he prophesied that the earth would rumble and open up, and all the white men would fall into it, once again allowing the Indian to enjoy the land.

The Indians were afraid they might also fall into the open land, so Tavibo again went to the mountain and this time, when he came back, he said that all would be swallowed up by the earth, but the Indians would rise again and enjoy forever an abundance of game, fish and nuts. Many Shoshoni and Bannock, as well as Paiute, welcomed this news, and devotees flocked to him from Nevada, Idaho and Oregon. After a time, however, their faith began to wane and Tavibo received a third revelation.

According to this one, only those who believed in him and his prophecy would be resurrected. The skeptics would remain in the earth with the white man. Tavibo's prophecy did not work, but it did give the Indian renewed hope, at least for a time.

Simon Pokagon was the last chief of the Pokagon band of Potawatomi. He was born about 1830 near their old village near the St. Joseph river in Berrien County, Michigan. His father, Leopold Pokagon, was chief for twelve years during which he signed several important treaties with the United States in behalf of the tribe. When Simon was ten years old, his father died. When he was fourteen he was sent to school at Notre Dame, Indiana where he stayed for three years.

Encouraged by his mother and his desire for education, Simon attended Oberlin College in Ohio for a year, then he went to Twinsburg, Ohio where he spent the next two years. He was educated for the priesthood and spoke five languages. He wrote numerous articles for magazines and in 1899 published a book called Queen of the Woods" which told about his courtship with his first wife. He was also a poet, and his last poem, just before his death, appeared in the Chicago Inter-Ocean, January 23, 1899. Simon Pokagon died January 27, 1899 in Allegan county, Michigan.

Catherine Tekakwitha, also called Kateri Tekakwitha, "Lily of the Mohawks", was also spoken of as La Saincte Sauvagesse or "Indian Saint." She was the daughter of a Mohawk warrior and a Catholic Algonkin woman who had been captured by the Iroquois at Three Rivers, Quebec. Kateri was born in 1656 at Caugnahwaga, a palisaded town of the Turtle clan of the Mohawk, living on the Mohawk River near the present town of Auriesville, New York.

When Kateri was about four years old, her village was hit by smallpox; her mother and baby brother died, leaving Kateri with impaired eye sight. When she was ten, her village was burned by De Tracy, and after the destruction the Turtle clan moved to the north side of the river where Kateri was taken into the home of her uncle. He was a bitter enemy of the Christian faith, but a few years later the village was visited by Fathers Bryuas, Fremin and Pierron who spent three days with

(continued on page 55)

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MOVIE HALL OF FAME

RANDOLPH SCOTT

By Mario DeMarco

In my opinion, "Randy" Scott portrayed almost any role given him in a very convincing manner. This tall, lean, good-looking actor usually was cast in action roles, although he did play a number of romantic and comedy roles. But he did return to the type of role that first established him as a star, the westerner, in which he continued till the end of his bright and illustrious career.

He was ideal as the strong, silent type of cowboy, with his slow, natural, Southern drawl. Unlike most of the cowboy stars before him who signed up with "quickie", independent companies that cashed in on their names when they were on the way down, Scott's films were produced by major studios, and I don't recall any of his films which were made by the cheaper studios.

His real name was Randolph Crane, and he was born in Orange City, Virginia on January 23, 1903. He graduated from North Carolina University and obtained a position as administrative engineer. While engaged in this work, he became seriously ill and was advised by his physician to go out West for his health. So Scott packed up and ended up in California. While there he had ambitions to be an actor, so he enrolled at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. He appeared in a number of stage theatricals but found the going a bit rough after a time. To cut down expenses he shared an apartment and living costs with another young actor, an Englishman by the name of Archibald Leach (who later became famous as Cary Grant). Both made the rounds of the movie studios until they became successful in this medium.

Scott's first role was a minor one in a picture entitled *The Far Call* for Fox Studios. It led to other and better parts. His big break came when he was given a major role in *The Lone Cowboy*. This picture proved to be the turning point in his career, and he was awarded a contract by Paramount Studios in 1931. His first roll for this major studio was a series of Westerns written by the great western author, Zane Grey. During the silent era of the 20's, these same vehicles were done by Jack Holt and proved quite successful. The formula again proved to be a winner, and Randy quickly rose to "star" rating.

The studio used Scott in many types of roles through the following years, casting him as a romantic hero and in light comedies. They loaned him to other major studios, which didn't hurt his rating because they were usually high-budget films. Universal Studios teamed him in two films with John Wayne who at that time was fast rising as an action star. One picture was *The Spoilers*, which was done several times before and featured an all-time, knock-down, fist fight between silent stars William Farnum and Tom Santschi. When Scott and Wayne did the fight scene, it was considered as great as the one produced between Farnum and Santschi.

Randy again donned his western garb during the W.W. II era and continued mainly in this field, which proved fruitful for his studios and himself. From 1950 through 1953, he was voted one of the Top Ten Moneymaking Stars in the Motion Picture Herald Fame Poll. During the crucial 50's, when the B-westerns were on the decline, Scott teamed up as an associate producer with Harry Joe Brown (successful producer of westerns during the 20's and 30's) and turned out a number of high-budget action westerns for Columbia Pictures. While the other cowboy stars like Charles Starrett, Bill Elliott, John Mack Brown, Tim McCoy and others were calling it quits to their careers, Scott kept right on turning out quality westerns.

The final curtain was lowered for the B-westerns about 1954, Scott was the lone cowboy star to continue until he retired in 1965. His last western film was the classic *Ride the High Country*, made in 1962 in which he co-starred with another cowboy great, Joel McCrea. It was a final tribute to both great stars and a fitting one. The story was about two great lawmen who were on their way out in their senior years and were given one more chance to prove that they were still good at their trade.

In all, this easygoing cowboy great starred in nearly 80 films, most of them action pictures. He gave the fans what they wanted and, in return, was well rewarded. Randolph Scott, the Western star who rode tall in the saddle. ●**RW**

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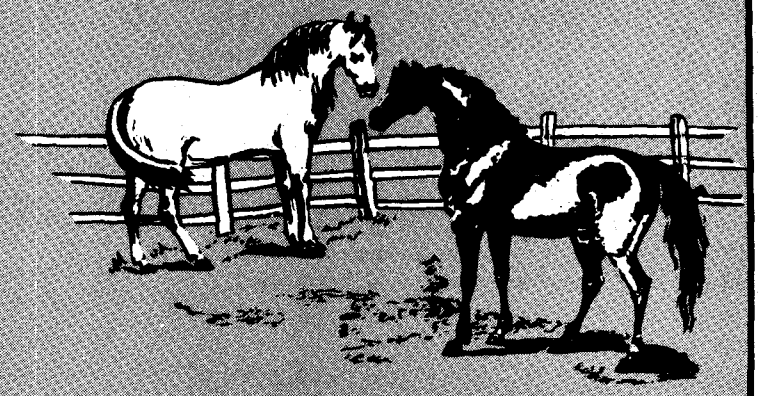
THE EDITOR'S CORRAL



I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

BIGOTRY AGAINST CHINESE

Outrages upon Chinamen in some of the Western States and Territories continue to be of frequent occurrence. Recently three Chinese miners in Idaho were murdered in cold blood, and nothing whatever appears to have been done towards the punishment of the perpetrators of the atrocity. It is utterly disgraceful to our civilization that these outrages should be permitted to go unchallenged; and if it is true, as stated, that the protests of the Chinese Minister in the matter have been dismissed with the statement that he must look for relief to the Governors of the States in which the atrocities have been perpetrated, our Government has placed itself in an attitude which will expose it deservedly to universal contempt and ridicule.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
April 22, 1882

OSCAR WILDE IN LEADVILLE

Oscar Wilde delivered his lectures at Leadville, Colorado, last week. He was received with every mark of regard, listened to attentively, and at the close of the lecture was heartily cheered.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspapers,
April 22, 1882

APACHES ON WARPATH

Indian outbreaks at San Carlos Agency and at Eagle Creek, in Arizona, are reported. Chiricahua renegades are rumored to have massacred eight people at the latter point. Troops have been sent in pursuit of the hostiles.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
April 29, 1882

TABOR FIGHT CONTINUES

Mrs. Tabor, wife of H. A. W. Tabor, Lieutenant-Governor of Colorado and the richest man in the State, has brought suit for a separate maintenance, and asks to be awarded the $150,000 house in Denver where she lives and $50,000 a year for her maintenance, alleging that her husband is worth over $7,000,000.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
April 29, 1882

FIGHTING IN ALASKA

A serious fight is reported to have occurred a few weeks ago among the white miners up in Alaska, during which several were killed.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
May 27, 1882

CHINESE BEING DISCRIMINATED AGAINST IN NEW MEXICO

The Chinese workmen on a railway in New Mexico were attacked by a mob recently, and the superintendent of construction was hanged to a telegraph-pole until he promised to discharge all the Mongolians in his employ.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
May 27, 1882

FRANK JAMES NEGOTIATING FOR PARDON

Reports were current in Missouri, last week, that Frank James was in negotiation with Governor Crittenden for a pardon and amnesty, and although the Governor denied the story, there were many indications that something of the sort was on foot.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
June 10, 1882

GUNFIGHT IN LEADVILLE

A remarkable tragedy occurred on a Leadville street last week. A policeman was taking one Fresher to the jail on a charge of robbing one Bartamoss, when the latter appeared. Fresher broke away from the officer, drew his revolver and shot Bartamoss in the breast, the ball passing through his body. Bartamoss stood motionless for a minute, and then, raising a rifle which he was carrying, fired at Fresher, the ball striking him in the heart. Both men dropped dead at the same moment.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
June 10, 1882

TOLL HEAVY IN ARIZONA

The official report puts the loss of life by the recent Indian raids in Arizona at forty-two and the destruction of property at about $30,000.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
June 17, 1882

SOME OF JESSE JAMES LOOT RECOVERED

Ex-Governor Burbank of Dakota has recovered a $900 diamond pin and watch and chain which were taken from him on a stage robbery near Hot Springs, Ark., eight years ago, and were found among Jesse James' effects.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
April 29, 1882

WOMAN'S LIB, 1880 STYLE

When Hortense Kittrell was appointed to a clerkship in the Nevada Legislature, Henry H. Welch, the chief clerk, objected to the presence of a woman in the office. He gradually became reconciled however, and Miss Kittrell has become Mrs. Welch.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
April 29, 1882

FIRE AT LEADVILLE

A fire at Leadville, Colorado, May 19th, destroyed $200,000 worth of property, and two persons were burned to death.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
May 27, 1882 ●RW

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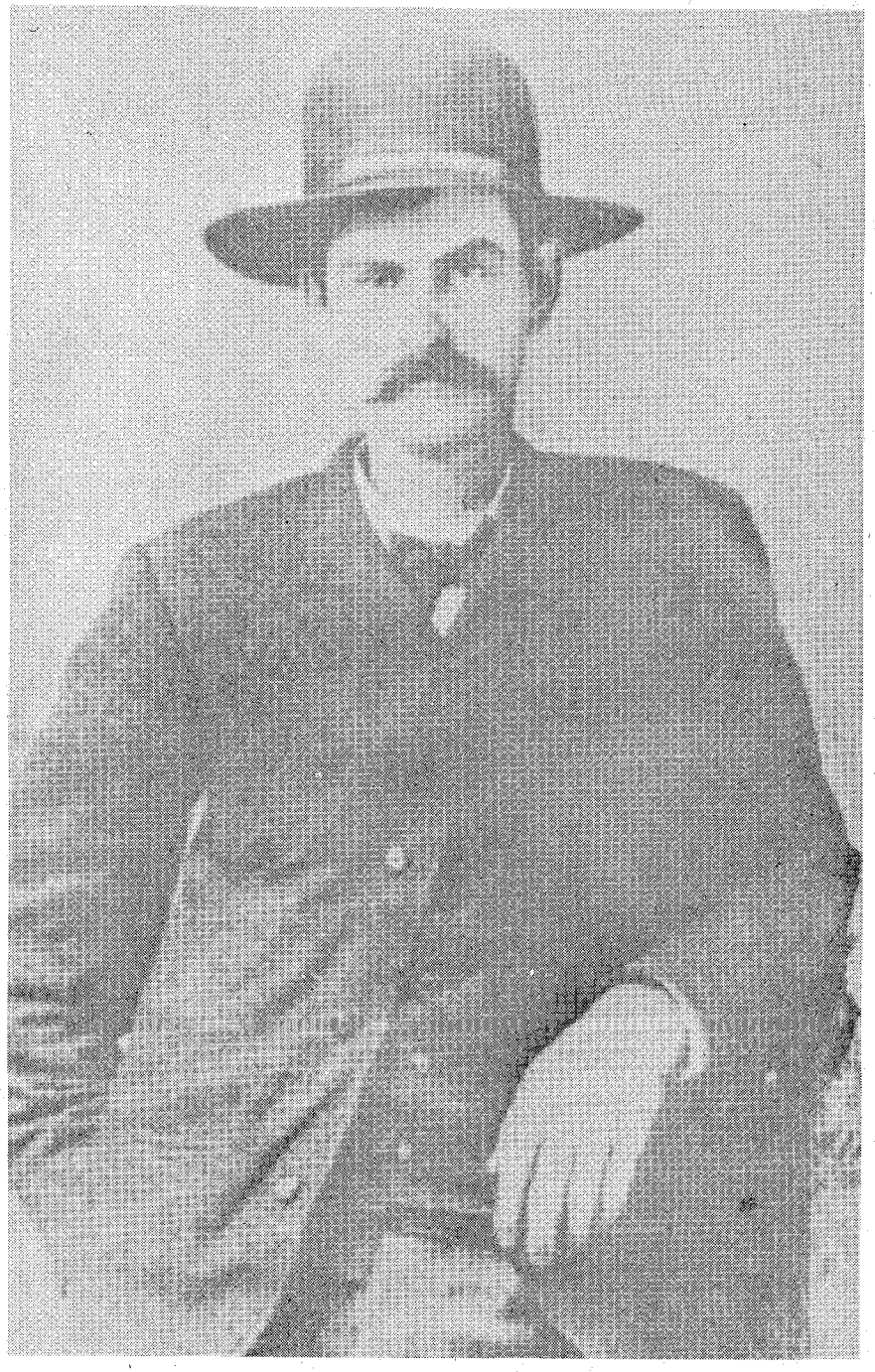
COVER STORY

MYSTERIOUS DAVE MATHER

By Calico Jones

Because Dave Mather never talked about his past or present activities, he was called "Mysterious Dave" wherever he went. But Mather had reason not to talk. He went from rustling horses to wearing a deputy's badge, from robbing trains to being town marshal, from murder to heroism in the performance of his duty. There is no record of his death. Today he's more mysterious than ever.



Mysterious Dave Mather. With a hazy past Dave came to Dodge City and became a law officer. He moved on to Kiowa City and tamed the outlaw element. He left in the late 1880's and was never heard from again.

January 24, 1879, was a cold, windy day. Snow blew across the dirt streets of Las Vegas, New Mexico Territory. The below-zero temperature caused most people to huddle around warming fires.

But the rowdy crowd continued to frequent the saloons. One of them was a Santa Fe Railroad construction engineer, Joseph Costello, who began shooting at the ceiling in a saloon on the main drag.

Moseying along the street was Constable David Mather who, on hearing the thundering gun shots, turned in, unbuttoning his heavy overcoat in order to readily get at his sixgun.

On approaching Costello, Mather held out left hand, saying, "Hand me the gun."

Instead, Costello swung the smoking muzzle towards him. Thereupon Mather shot him twice through the center of his chest.

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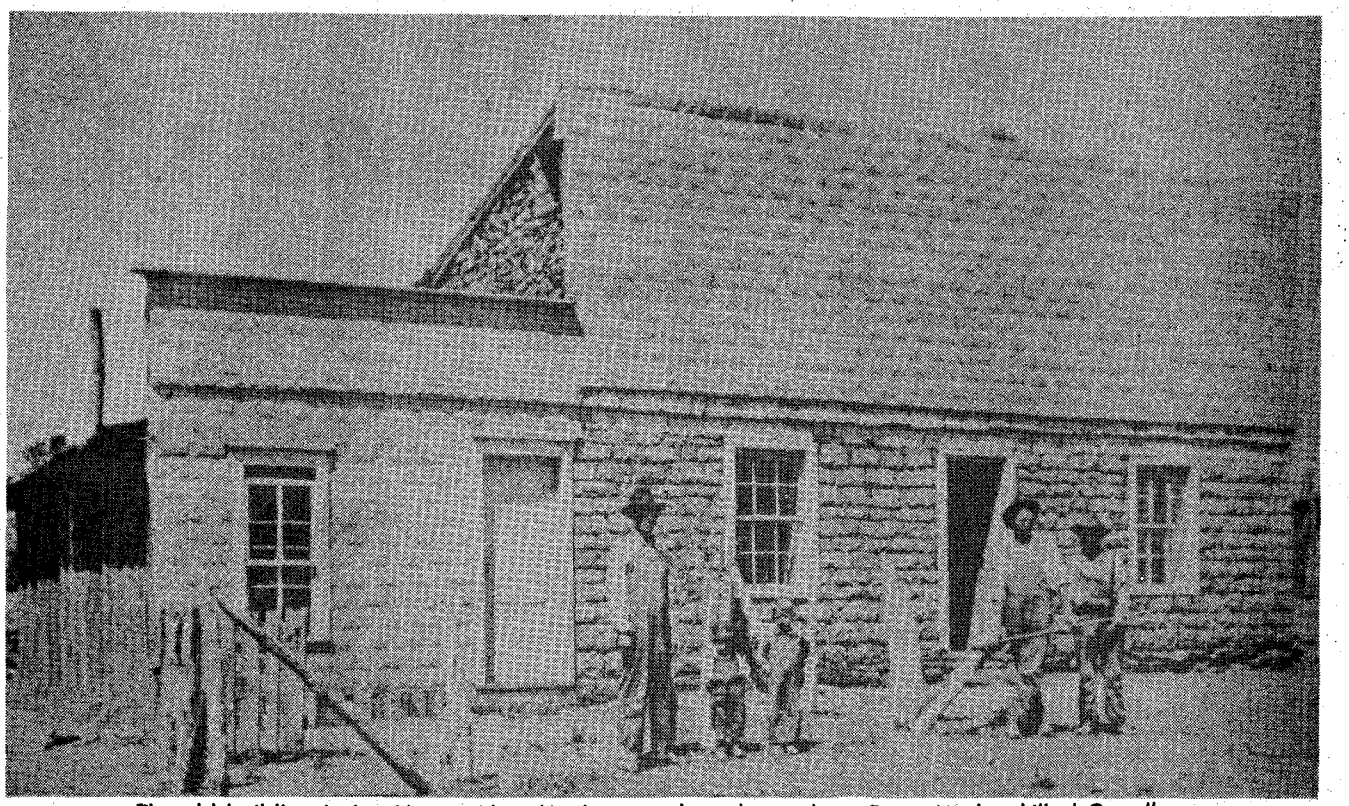

The old building in Las Vegas, New Mexico was the saloon where Dave Mather killed Costello.

A coroner's jury rendered a verdict that Mather killed him in the performance of his duty.

Mather was then 26 years old, slender and five feet, eight inches tall. Black haired with a mustache, he had pale grey eyes and always appeared clean shaven in public. A handsome man wearing tailored clothes, he in no way resembled an outlaw or deadly killer. He was both. Like most frontier-type gunmen, Mather was soft spoken and never talked about his past or present deeds.

The lack of mentioning any personal history caused him to be known generally as "Mysterious Dave". Only once did he give any information about himself. After an arrest in Kansas, he stated that he was the great grandson of the famous New Englander, Cotton Mather.

However, his gun skill and other features about him indicated that he was either a Texan or had grown up in that state.

After killing Costello, he went to Colorado with George Basset and several other men of what was known in Las Vegas as the Dodge City gang. They prospected for valuable minerals. Finding none, Basset and the others returned to Dodge City.

For no known reason Mather went back to Las Vegas. On November 4, 1880, he was arrested with several of the Dave Rudabaugh gang for a series of stagecoach robberies. Acquitted, Mather somehow became a deputy sheriff of San Miguel County.

Almost his first move was to arrest five soldiers down there from Fort Union, wounding one fatally. This was reported in the *Las Vegas Gazette* which states merely that the soldiers were only creating a drunken disturbance. Mather was accused of being trigger happy.

During the year he was a deputy sheriff, Mather apparently returned to favoring the Rudabaugh gang of robbers and livestock thieves.

One night he killed a Mexican on *Sodomia La Calle de la Amargura* (the road of suffering and bitterness), a street of *tendejons* and bordellos. Almost the next day his name appeared on a list of hardcases and outlaws ordered out of Las Vegas by a committee of citizens.

Being listed on the placard tacked up all over town cost him his job immediately. Back with the Rudabaugh gang, the outlaws went on a spree of stage robberies and stealing good horses over in Texas, around Tascosa.

With Rudabaugh and Allen Bennett he held up and robbed a stagecoach. A posse of lawmen on the trail of cattle thieves happened to be near the scene. In fact, they almost came within sight of the stage while the robbery was in progress.

The posse took after the bandits, identity unknown at the time. They overhauled them close enough to open fire. At long range and in the rear, Mather killed one of the officers charging after them.

Rudabaugh and Bennett cut out after losing the disorganized posse. Mather never drew rein until deep inside Texas. He appeared briefly in Mobeetie, Dallas and Fort Worth, strictly on the make and looking for a strike.

He was accused of several robberies, but convicting evidence seemed to be lacking — except in one case, a paltry penny-ante one. His paramour of the moment accused him of stealing her gold ladies' pin-on watch. She asked officers to get it back for her and arrest him.

Again on the run, Mather escaped into the Indian Nations and finally appeared in Dodge City, Kansas. Soon he held a deputy town marshal's job and carried a deputy sheriff's card for Ford County.

From reports in the Dodge City *Kansas Cowboy* he did his job well. One cowboy, running amok and shooting up a saloon filled with patrons, was killed resisting arrest. Others were jailed to reconsider their wild ways.

Politics were bitter in Dodge City. An upheaval occurred in the city election in April, 1884. A new mayor came into office, determined to get rid of lawbreakers. He fired all town officers. Bill Tilghman became marshal, who was then known only as a former buffalo hunter. Thomas Nixon, blacksmith and a renegade if ever one existed, became deputy marshal.

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Soon after his arrival in Dodge City, Mather and Bob Black leased the second floor of the Opera House and put in a dance hall. Black managed it while Mather attended to his law enforcement business. In cahoots with the new city administration, Nixon tried to close the dance hall.

Mather now became Sheriff Pat Sughrue's full-time deputy.

Unable to close the dance hall, Nixon declared on several occasions that he would "get" Mather. His killer's reputation did not faze him the least, or so he claimed.

At about nine o'clock the night of July 18, 1884, Nixon approached the Opera House on his rounds. Recognizing Mather on the outside stairway, he halted. So did Mather up above before the lighted doorway. Obscene words allegedly passed between the two men.

Mather was heard to say, "Tom, if you think there are law violations going on up here, come and see for yourself."

Whatever the spoken answer was, Nixon made a blasting one with his sixgun which had been drawn unseen. The wild shot missed, whacking splinters out of the wooden door frame. Having shot once, Nixon was on his way in wild flight

Arrested the next morning, he gave bond. But he never came to trial as Mather refused to make any statement concerning the affair.

Three nights after his wild shot, Nixon stood at the junction of Front Street and First Avenue. Also an ex-buffalo hunter and tough man, he talked to occasional passing friends. He told a few who had imbibed too much red eye to go sleep it off.

Pedestrians had slacked off when a voice almost gentle called from behind him, "Tom, Tom."

Nixon, on recognizing it as Mather's, wheeled, trying to draw his gun from leather. But Mather's gun muzzle already spouted flame and lead. Nixon fell, wounded twice in the right side and got two bullets in the left as he turned on his feet while falling.

Mather walked away unhurriedly, hunting up Sughrue to surrender. Nixon still breathed when witnesses got to where he lay.

He husked out, "I am killed," and died.

The *Dodge City Democrat* published Nixon's obituary and quoted Mather as saying, "I should have killed him six months ago."

His statement revealed for the first time a previous acquaintance between the two men, and they had long been at outs. The dance hall with a bar in connection was a moneymaker from the beginning. Nixon appeared to resent the profitable business of the man he hated.

After the coroner's hearing, Mather was released on $6,000 bail posted by influential citizens. Nixon had been one of the original builders of Dodge City. Most people condemned Mather immediately. For this reason his attorneys obtained a change of venue to Kinsley in Edwards County. It took the jury less than half an hour to find him not guilty of murder.

Sughrue was happy to get Mather back. Horse thieves in organized gangs were making a playground out of Kansas. The two always went after outlaws together.

Once, when reminded that Mather had a long list of dead men on his back trail and warned of his dangerousness, Sughrue only chuckled.

"I like Dave with me because when the shooting starts I *know* that he isn't going to run but stick by me!"

While tracking two badly wanted horse thieves into Edwards County, they found them hanging on one tree limb. Angry settlers came onto them first.

Usually thieves made a run for sanctuary in the Indian Nations. Three took off in that direction with fifteen good horses. After them, Sughrue and Mather crossed the border only to find the original thieves had been joined by two others.

They were close on them since they had slowed down, so why waste time going back to Dodge City for more help? Sughrue and Mather kept on going.

Near sundown they believed the thieves to have gone into camp in some thick creek timber. Hiding their horses, they separated and moved in cautiously from two directions on a tiny spiral of gray smoke. The thieves were actually cooking supper.

Sughrue ran straight into two coming away from camp on foot. Both opened fire on sight. On the other side Mather, not yet exposed, turned quickly towards the sound of gunshots. Sughrue was in serious trouble. The other three came running to the scene with spouting guns.

Behind the thick bole of a tree, Sughrue was about to be taken from the sides when Mather burst out of the brush. Two fell dead before his crashing sixgun and the third dropped mortally wounded. On the far side the survivors took to their heels, urged on by hot lead.

The wounded outlaw soon died. Sughrue and Mather ate the outlaws' supper, got their horses, rounded up the stolen ones and drove them back to Kansas.

When asked if the dead had been buried, Mather replied casually, "We told some folks not far off about them. If they didn't put them in the ground then the varmints got them."

A ten-year-old boy got lost from his family, far out on the rolling windswept prairie. A group of settlers failed to find him and appealed to Sughrue. It was then discovered that Mather was a skilled tracker.

He took the trail alone. Despite grass and weeds preventing tracks, he found signs where the boy crossed small patches of bare ground. Two days later he found him scared and hungry in a sour plum thicket.

Two robbers were tracked to a community crossroads village. Their saddled horses stood tied before the general store. Entering quietly,

Buffalo Bar and Exchange Saloon where Mather shot up a bunch of soldiers from Fort Union.

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Sughrue and Mather located the pair at a small bar in the back, drinking with several locals.

The wanted men saw Sughrue only when he was within a step of them, and whirling around, guns leaped into their hands. From the side Mather killed one who surely would have gotten Sughrue, and he wounded the other.

The local men were on the prod about the shooting, remaining so until Sughrue identified himself. He explained why the two were wanted. When the wounds of the survivor were dressed, he was taken back to Dodge City along with the body of the other.

Mather's brother, Josiah, arrived in Kansas from some unknown place. The two put in a small saloon as partners. Josiah ran the bar. Like Mather he did no talking about his past lest too much be learned concerning themselves.

A spanking pair of matched bays were stolen from a prominent business man. Mather went after them alone. They were overhauled in the Cherokee Outlet. In the fight that followed, one was killed and the other, William M. Byrd, escaped.

Bringing the horses back, Mather waited until Byrd was arrested in Texas. When he went south to bring him back it was predicted that Byrd would never be returned alive. This proved correct, for the thief escaped from the Texas jail. Six months later, Sughrue brought him back from Fort Worth.

Flocking in settlers brought along big, fine, farming draft horses. Thieves could easily dispose of them for top money. They consequently harried the owners at all times.

Six work horses, weighing about 2,000 pounds each, were swiped and headed for Colorado. Sughrue and Mather got them just before the line was crossed. The two thieves with them surrendered without resistance.

On the next run and alone, Mather wasn't so lucky. Three thieves got over the line, but he captured the horses. Leaving them with a settler, he continued pursuit, tracing them to Colorado City.

Walking into a saloon one night, he saw them playing poker, recognizing them as formerly running with the Dutch Henry Brown gang. Easing close to where they sat, he drew his gun.

"All right, you boys are under arrest," he informed them.

That stopped the poker game forthwith.

Finally one said, "You're from

Sheriff Pat Sughrue, sheriff of Dodge City during the 1880's.

Kansas. You got no authority over here, so scram — lawman!"

"Get on your feet," Mather ordered. "You'll be in jail within minutes."

Realizing that he meant business, all three came up slowly and then went for their guns. When the smoke cleared one lay dead on the floor, one was wounded, and the third stood with hands high in the air.

The two live ones were taken to jail and a doctor was called. Leaving the prisoners there, Mather went to a hotel. The following morning at the jail, he was informed that requisition papers would be necessary to get the prisoners.

Mather left to consult a lawyer but, before finding one, learned that the thieves had a host of friends in the city. A movement was afoot to have him arrested, charged with murder and attempted murder of the wounded thief.

Against that kind of trickery he stood no chance and made the wise move. He surreptitiously got out of Colorado in a hurry.

The Mather brothers permitted no rowdies in their saloon. Josiah was about as tough as Dave. A gun was kept handy under the bar top. He never shot anyone but did pistol whip a few when the saloon first opened. After that no rough stuff occurred.

Then on May 10, 1885, the brothers David and John Barnes came to town to make final claim on a homestead. During the course of that evening they entered the Mather saloon. David engaged in a game of seven-up with Mather.

The play was for one dollar a game. It did not last more than three when David, a few too many drinks inside him, started some kind of argument.

Witnesses were ever after confused as to what actually did happen, or how the general fight started. All at once Mather was on his feet, yanking David upward and shaking him. When he put one hand inside his coat, ostensibly for a gun, Mather grabbed it and they began struggling.

A strange thing for killer Mather to do: trying to manhandle a man instead of shooting him.

While this confusion raged, Sughrue who was also in the saloon, pressed forward intending to make Mather quit.

As he neared the scene of action, a man yelled, "Lookout! He's pulling a gun!"

When he came out, Sughrue saw John Barnes with his gun in hand. Instantly he grabbed him by the wrist, trying to twist the weapon away. Behind the bar Josiah lifted his gun into sight. All hell seemed to break loose.

Amid the wild shooting from almost everyone in the saloon men were also yelling their loudest.

Backing off from David Barnes, Mather drew his gun but held up firing at anyone. Dave darted into the crowd, charging around like mad and almost escaped through the front door. A bullet in the head dropped him sprawling for good.

During the wild shooting John Wall and C.C. Camp suffered leg wounds, the latter in both.

Having finally convinced John Barnes that he was the sheriff, Sughrue got the general fight stopped. It was slowing down anyway.

On May 14 the coroner's jury found that, "The deceased, the said David Barnes, came to his death the 10th day of May, 1885, from a gunshot wound received at the hands of David Mather and Josiah Mather by means of revolvers by them fired and we find that the shooting was feloniously done."

This was the verdict after two days of hearings despite the fact that no witness could testify that Josiah fired a single shot. Moreover, Sughrue swore under oath that he was close to David Mather and that he had not fired once.

The Mather brothers were released on $3,000 bail bonds each after *habeas corpus* action was taken. They certainly could not get a fair trial in Dodge City, so their case was transferred to court in Kinsley, where Mather had been before.

The murder charges began hanging fire with delays, for there existed absolutely no evidence against the brothers. The prosecution did not want to go to trial. Yet the *Globe Live Stock Journal* reported on December 8, that the brothers had forfeited their

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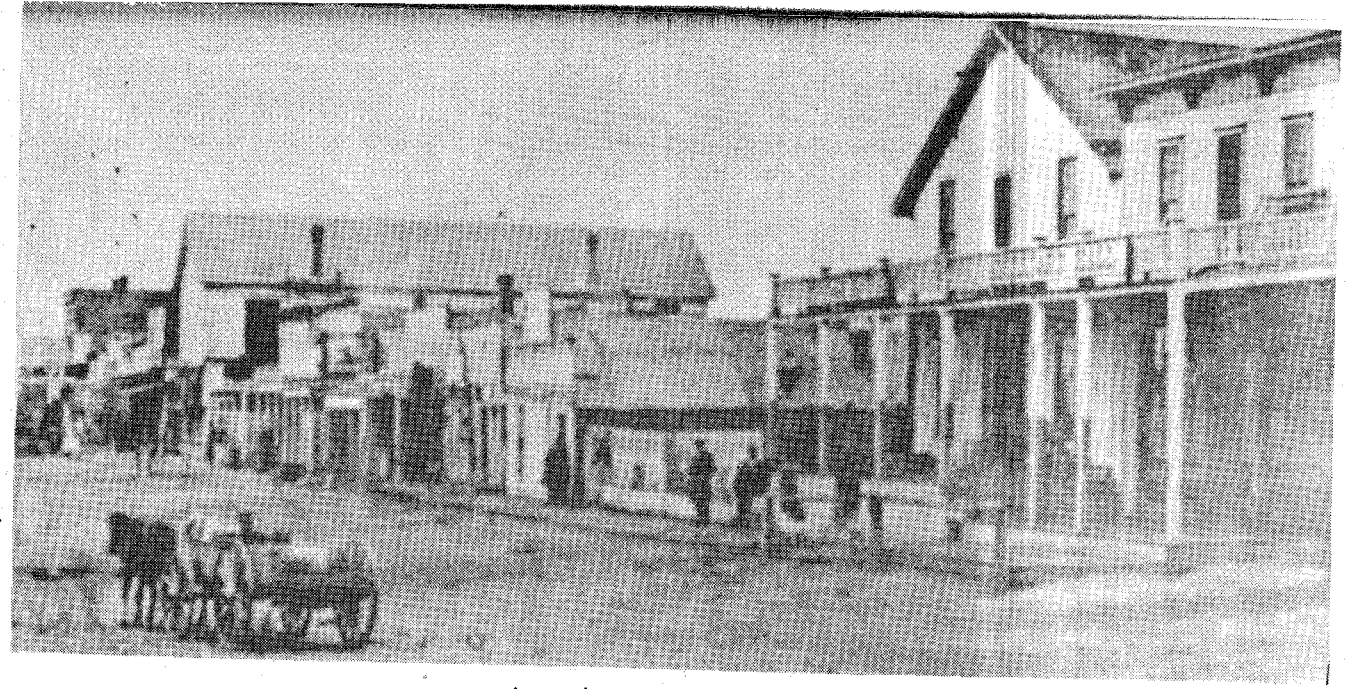

An early view of Dodge City.

bonds for failure to appear for trial.

It is very doubtful if this was the case, for the brothers were still in Kansas and not far away. The charges were likely dismissed for lack of a single witness who could testify that either fired a shot.

A few weeks after being released from jail, Josiah Mather went elsewhere, vanishing back into the cloak of wherever he came from. But the law knew where Dave Mather was all the time.

The *Dodge City Times* printed an item on August 20 that "David Mather has been appointed marshal of New Kiowa. He will make a good one." The *Times* concluded by lauding him as a former efficient marshal and assistant marshal.

New Kiowa was a tough little town on a new railroad, readily accessible from across the border. Into it drifted outlaws, hiding out in the Indian Nations, for an occasional carousal.

Some of them carried heavy rewards on their heads. Mather seems to have let them alone, as long as they behaved half way properly.

When he became marshal, the gangs had a habit of riding into town along the railroad tracks shooting the glass insulators off the telegraph poles. When the railroad company complained, Mather put a stop to such goings-on.

Locating a new bunch in town to celebrate, he easily identified the leader and spoke very quietly.

"Hereafter don't be coming in shooting," he drawled. "The railroad has to replace too many of them glass doo-dads. Besides, I don't like the noise. It's got to stop or I'll close this town to you boys. Give others the word."

The chief outlaw eyed him thoughtfully but said nothing. Thereafter the packs of outlaws tried to get along.

A large number of wanted posters were always arriving by mail. Very seldom did Mather pay any attention to them. But from one batch he extracted one that interested him. It contained the picture of one William Carter, followed by a dozen aliases. Carter was probably an alias too. The total rewards from different states and territories amounted to $2,800.

Along in March, 1887, he spotted a face that appeared familiar one night in a saloon across the tracks. At first he thought the man was someone known to him in the dark past. Instead, eventually he concluded never having seen the man before. On a hunch he went to the jail office and looked at an old poster. Sure enough, if not Carter the man was a dead ringer for him.

Returning quickly to the saloon, he found the suspect drinking with several others at the bar.

"Let's take a walk," he said casually.

The outlaw turned, along with several others.

"We been told this town was open to us," the suspect replied harshly.

One beside him put in quickly, "Besides, you ain't taking Bill to no jail!"

There ensued no further argument. At least five outlaws went for their guns.

Mather killed the suspect first, twisted slightly forward in a crouch, got another and wounded two before hands lifted into the air. However, he sustained a long bullet gash across the left ribs.

"All right, let's you boys pack them outside," he ordered, "so's they can be planted come daylight."

When that was done, the outlaws were then told to drink up and get out of town.

He began preparing letters to interested officials elsewhere claiming the rewards. Then a newspaper report positively identified Carter as being killed in an attempted bank robbery at Colorado Springs, Colorado.

There was no identification on the suspected Carter's body, and it was never learned who he actually was.

The shooting scrape stopped outlaws from coming across the border. New Kiowa became a peaceful, agricultural community. Maybe the inactivity palled on Mather. Either late that year or in 1888 he quietly departed.

It was said that he left to take a job as express car guard with the Santa Fe Railroad. Instead, he disappeared for good, never heard of again, and maybe his real name wasn't Mather after all.

Whatever happened to him, Mysterious Dave became an enigma of the frontier west. ●**RW**

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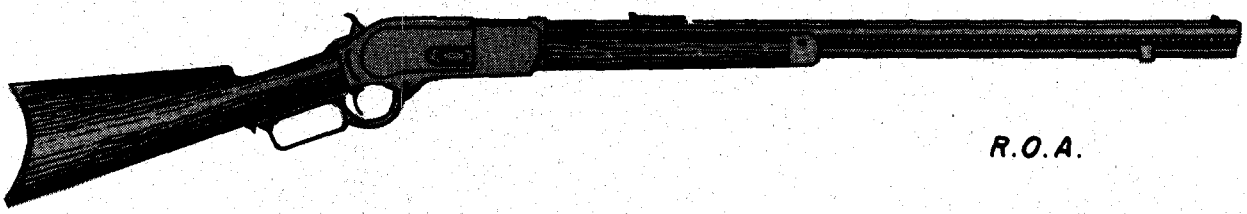
GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman



R.O.A.

THE WINCHESTER MODEL 1876

The first repeating rifle to be actually stamped with the name of the Winchester company was the Model 1866, a fast-firing but rather underpowered rimfire type. An increase in needed power was gained with the Model 1873, Winchester's first lever-action center fire rifle. This became a favorite of Buffalo Bill Cody, and in more recent years it had a Jimmie Stewart movie named after it. Considering the part the "73" played in the opening of the West, it deserves such acclaim.

However, it remained for their next model, introduced in 1876, to lift the Winchester lever-action rifle into the high-powered category it has enjoyed ever since. The 1873 was quite adequate against human foes — renegades, outlaws or roving war parties.

But against massive and thicker skinned animals like the buffalo or the "silvertip" grizzly bear, a combination of deeper penetration and much more shocking power was vitally needed. Progressing to cartridges like the brush-busting .45-75 and the .50-95 Express, the M1876 was in a different league from the M1873 with its .38-40 and .44-40 cartridges, also used in revolvers.

The M1876 was the last of the Winchesters to employ the early "toggle-joint" action of their first models. This action was adequate up to the pressures of the big, black powder cartridges, but as the increased pressures of smokeless powders became a factor in the 1880's and 1890's, a totally different action had to be designed to contain them safely. The M1886 filled this gap.

Therefore, the Model 1876 had a shorter pack life than almost any comparable Winchester model. In spite of this, it managed to play a major part in the history of the early West.

It was made as a rifle and in a shorter carbine version. Barrels were made in both octagonal and round styles. The rifle could be purchased with either its tubular magazine the full length of the barrel, or as a half-magazine model. The full list of chamberings was .45-75, .45-60 and .40-60 for the popular carbine. To these was added the powerful .50-95 Express cartridge in the rifle versions.

You may wonder why, on the rough frontier, anyone would reduce his firepower by choosing the half-magazine rifle. One young man who did so was Teddy Roosevelt. Primarily a sportsman rather than a gunfighter, Roosevelt preferred the lighter weight and superior handling qualities of the half-magazine. It still held all of the cartridges he ever figured on needing at one time.

Teddy Roosevelt's M1876 half-magazine rifle took the black powder .45-75 cartridge. It remained his

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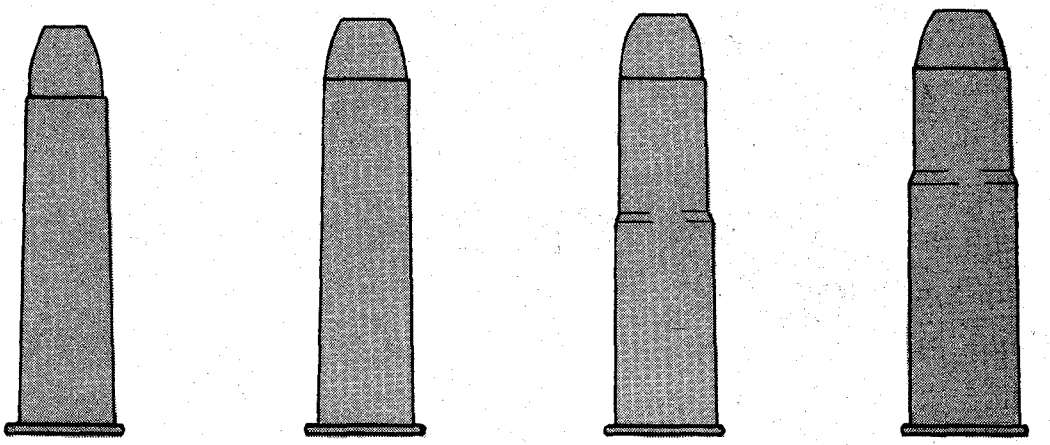
THE WINCHESTER MODEL 1876



.40-60 .45-60 .45-75 .50-95 EXPRESS

CARTRIDGES FOR THE M1876

Sketched by author

favorite arm during most of his early years as a westerner and rancher, and he praised it highly in his writings.

On one hunting trip, he and a companion killed five grizzly bears with a total of seven shots. His Winchester did its share, once saving his life when a wounded silvertip charged from very close quarters.

The M1876 was dropped from their catalogs after 1893. Fine examples are now highly desirable collector's items. Especially so are the rare "One of One Hundred" and "One of One Thousand" models. These were so marked and were especially selected rifles that were finished with beautiful burl walnut stocks, checkering and fine engraving at a higher price.

In the M1876, only 47 "One of One Thousand" rifles were ever made. Just 7 "One of One Hundred" types were produced in this model. Winchester soon abandoned this promotion, as it implied that some of their arms were inferior to others. For dependable service, this was untrue.

Lesser known than Teddy Roosevelt, but an important contributor to southwestern history, was Edward L. Schieffelin. As a prospector, Ed was working out of Camp Huachuca in southern Arizona. In 1877 this area was still troubled with Apache war parties.

The soldiers of the frontier Army post warned Ed that he would only find his tombstone in his search for gold or silver in such dangerous territory. On August 25, 1877, Schieffelin recorded his claim in Tucson for an unusually rich silver strike in the mountains near the Army post.

He named his first strike the "Tombstone" with western humor. When a boom town mushroomed at the site, it became Tombstone, Arizona, later the scene of such famous gunfights as the OK Corral shoot-out.

Water later flooded every mine there, and even modern technology has not been able to restore operations. Tombstone almost became a ghost town, but it has revived and even grown a bit. Camp Huachuca became Fort Huachuca. In my day, we called it "Fort Sneeze".

Ed Schieffelin had fortunately sold out his interests before the disaster. Soon tiring of being the "idle rich", and disillusioned by constant appeals for money, he returned to prospecting in the remote solitude that he loved.

With him went one of the few luxuries he allowed himself — a Winchester 1876 rifle in "Presentation" grade. With its burl walnut and inlays of precious metals, this is still on display in a museum. Even if they never heard of Ed Schieffelin, visitors are awed by the beauty of his rifle.

●RW

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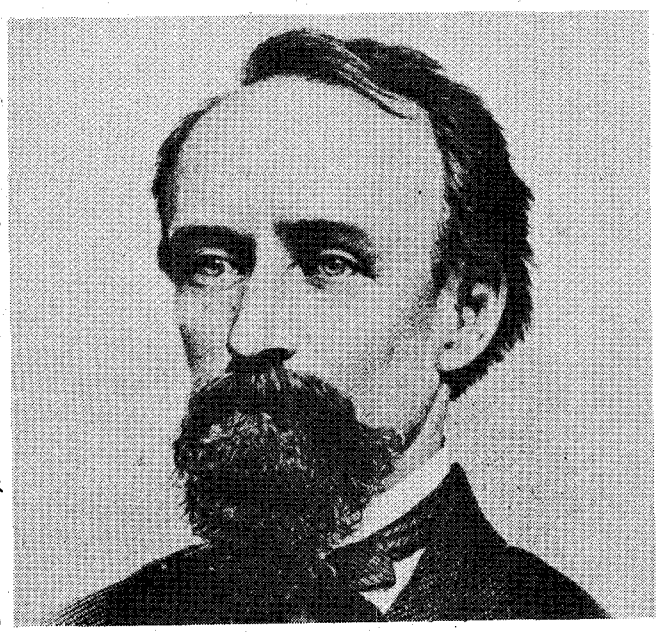
J. ROSS BROWNE Western Crusader

By Clarence M. Fink

Being a confidential agent for the United States Treasury Department in 1853 was a harsh, dangerous job but the Irish-born Treasury man steadfastly fought against brutality in our ships, shoddy treatment of the Indians in the Far West, and corruption in our Federal Government.



Bancroft Library, Univ. of California, Berkeley.

J. Ross Browne.

Shakespeare once remarked that there is no legacy as rich as honesty, and to this Stephen Vincent Benet added that honesty is as rare as a man without self-pity. Thus in 1853, it was a rare day for the United States Treasury Department when J. Ross Browne became their confidential agent, serving in California, Oregon, and Washington.

Devoted to his conscience, God and country, there is little doubt in the minds of most historians researching him that Browne, had he lived in the times of ancient Greece, would have ended for all time the Cynic philosopher Diogenes' so-called search for an honest man.

It is said that the very spring of honesty and virtue lies in the felicity of getting a good education. Fortunately his father was a learned man, a cultured journalist and a fighting Wesleyan Irishman. J. Ross Browne was born February 11, 1821 in a Dublin suburb, and his bringing up was strict but kindly.

He liked music and art, and he hated idleness and thought it the worst of vices. His spare time was put to good use reading about adventure and travel. Not too much is known about his early life, but he was ambitious and not too proud to work as an errand boy and clerk in a tailor shop.

Finally the Browne family bade goodbye to their homeland and sailed to America, where they settled in Louisville, Kentucky in 1833. The elder Browne opened a private school for girls shortly after his arrival.

Later on, Ross attended medical school but soon discovered that his interest and ability lay elsewhere. In 1838 young Browne, overcome with a desire to see some of this big, new America, got a job on a flatboat and, as a deckhand, cruised the Ohio and the Mississippi Rivers, finally getting to New Orleans.

His unsatisfied curiosity led him to Texas and other parts of the Western states. At an early age he had always dreamed of being a world traveler and traveling first-class. He knew that he had to work to accomplish this desire, so Browne learned stenography and shorthand (called business hieroglyphics) and found time to author a rather dull bit of creative writing under the title — *The Confessions Of A Quack,* which was verbose, pompous and humorless. This *Autobiography of a Modern Aesculapian* (Subtitle) was taken from the limited knowledge he had acquired from his short time spent in the Louisville Medical Institute.

This little book whetted his literary appetite to see his other writings in print. Encouraged by Edgar Allan Poe, Browne had some minor contributions accepted and published in Poe's journal, "The Graham Magazine". His pet peeve was against frauds, con men, and idlers who seem to infiltrate all forms of higher occupations from politics down.

In 1841 he accompanied his father to Washington, D.C. and obtained a position on the *Globe* as a reporter of debates which was a real eye-opener. It was there he saw political trickery and fraud at its worst, practiced by his "heroes" in government, and it steadily sickened him.

Wanting to get away from it all, he contacted a friend and both planned to go on a Grand Tour of Europe which would cost both $600 to $800 first-class. But after totaling up their savings and finding but $40 between them, they had second thoughts on the subject of deluxe travel, and the duo suddenly decided to work their way around the globe. This decision called for a ready celebration before signing on a New Bedford whaler, and the pair soon exhausted their meager money in entertainments.

It wasn't very long before J. Ross Browne was quick to learn that the life of a common seaman was sordid and somewhat degrading, not to mention cruel and exhausting, and ruled over by an iron-fisted captain who treated his men like slaves. It was but awhile before his friend had enough of the rigors of a whaling vessel and had to be put ashore at Fayal in the Portuguese Azores.

It was a hard separation for Browne who sorely missed his close companion. Quick to resent the unfairness of his daily routine, Browne soon became disenchanted with the entire set-up and soon bargained with his superior for his release. He offered $10, gave up his entire sea chest of clothes, and undertook to replace himself with another seaman. Luckily he was fortunate to stumble upon a beachcomber in Zanzibar who was homesick for America and eager to return to his family.

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Had Browne been an average sailor of that period, he could easily have jumped ship, thumbed his nose at the captain, and vanished into the interior. But Browne was never one to take the easy way out of a bad situation. He believed in fair play, even to a harsh tyrant. Free from bias, no one had to twist his arm to force him to make an honest decision.

Leaving the whaler, he went directly to the American Consul but received no immediate help. To survive in this poor country he eked out a meager living of sorts by sketching and writing. His wandering tours were real revelations and banished his last dreams of romanticism he had harbored about the Old World.

Poverty, sickness and squalor were prevalent, and this Arabic-African civilization was appalling to his sight. A solid student of nature, he learned about the mudsills of society, the lowly poor whose hopes, desires and very existence were smothered by the dust of death.

Finally, after living among the Arabs, the young adventurer was fortunate to sign on an American ship, and he sailed to Massachusetts in November, 1843. The *Rollo* took him home where he later got a job as a reporter in the Senate. In 1844, he married a doctor's daughter, Lucy Anne Mitchell, and became a devoted husband. An opening job opportunity gave him a chance to become a First clerk in the Treasury where, with his thoroughness, he attracted the attention of Robert J. Walker, and the Secretary of the Treasury immediately made him his private secretary until the end of 1848.

Browne found time to author his good-selling book, *Etchings Of A Whale Cruise With Notes Of A Sojourn On The Island of Zanzibar.* It was given good reviews in the magazines and newspapers, and it sold steadily. Browne, alert to advancement, obtained an appointment of Third Lieutenant, United States Revenue, and was given the difficult task of trying to prevent the mass desertion of sailors from their ships to the California gold fields. This obliged him to leave his wife and two children and take the clipper *Pacific* for San Francisco.

Being a good family man, it was a difficult matter for him to leave his entire brood in Washington and head for far-off, unknown California.

Once again on his trip West, he ran into the same problem of a ship's captain brutalizing his crew.

Browne knew the feeling of having no sailors' rights on the whaler, and he kept a close watch on the skipper who was a tricky character. Put on probation for his cruel chicanery to his men by the American Consul, his doings won him no support from Browne. Happily for the sailors, a new master replaced him on March 24th.

On August 5, 1849 Browne came through the Golden Gate with its surrounding brown hills for the first time. "At last," he wrote his wife, "I've reached the promised land!" And he meant it. His health which had been poor in Washington had taken a turn for the better. J. Ross Browne was somewhat of a humorist; he could laugh at himself as well as others, but not at the insincerity and fraud he encountered. He knew that it would take a miracle to prevent the sailors in San Francisco from jumping ship and heading for Mother Lode country to find gold.

The brutal and inhuman treatment by ships' masters had done their work well, and the lust for the rich mineral was just as powerful an incentive. They all knew that the ocean breeze whispered a special promise to each of them, enslaving them like a charm. Each would go home rich, absorbed in his own dream. Here indeed was a chance for them to break the bars of their mediocrity, and their ships would rot before their return.

It was their lust, hunger, and avarice coupled with hysteria that pointed the way to their destiny, a grand opportunity for them to tear gold out of the bowels of the earth. To J. Ross Browne it was like stopping an avalanche with his bare hands, an impossible task!

Browne was acutely aware that, for a dishonest man in his business, here was an easy way to profiteer and plunder while in office. But the man from Washington had witnessed so much graft and greediness in Congress among politicians and hanger-ons that he resisted all temptation at lucrative gain; and he was called a fool by a number of his grasping associates.

Still, the Federal man had seen the selfishness and intrigues by which public men held their self-seeking job influence, and he wanted none of it.

It can truthfully be said that this former Irishman was one of if not the most honest and candid employee in the Federal Service who worked for Uncle Sam's meager pay. To relieve the constant pressure of his work, Browne, a great nature lover, escaped at every opportunity to the primitive, natural character of the land about him, and it helped him to get away from the rapacious and voracious people who streamed through his office daily.

Browne's big task was trying to reduce the staggering cost of operations when the agents demanded big pay checks for doing absolutely nothing. His was a lonely task of making many decisions which he was forced to do with little or no help from his colleagues. He was conscious of the fact that he wasn't winning friends and influencing people.

He wrote his wife: "It's a monumental task, and I became thoroughly disgusted with so much hypocrisy and bombast. It requires no sage monitor to convince me that true patriotism does not prevail to a very astonishing extent in the hearts of those who make noise about it."

The transplanted Easterner inspected the United States Mint and found it to be a real White Elephant, with no real system of profitable operation. In his thorough tour up and down the Pacific Coast he was not surprised to discover that many ports of entry were poorly run, and some were all but deserted in Oregon. He found gross neglect up and down the line by many public employees who refused to do anything but collect their pay.

Browne discovered in his travels that many Indian tribes were addicted to whiskey drinking. Political hacks infested the Custom House in San Francisco for the sole purpose of bribing and corrupting Treasury men. He was also the main target of such men whose sole interest was to debase and degrade him as a person, obtain favors, and tarnish his good reputation.

This upright, Washington man steadfastly refused to accept all presents thrust upon him despite many good-sized bribes that would have made him independently wealthy. Browne seriously informed his wife by letter that, "There shall at least be one agent here against who nothing can be said!"

A lesser man would have readily capitulated against this kind of financial temptation and verbal inducement. This improper system of purchasing friends at the expense of the U.S. Treasury ran into a stone wall when directed at Browne. His methods that upheld law and order

(continued on page 59)

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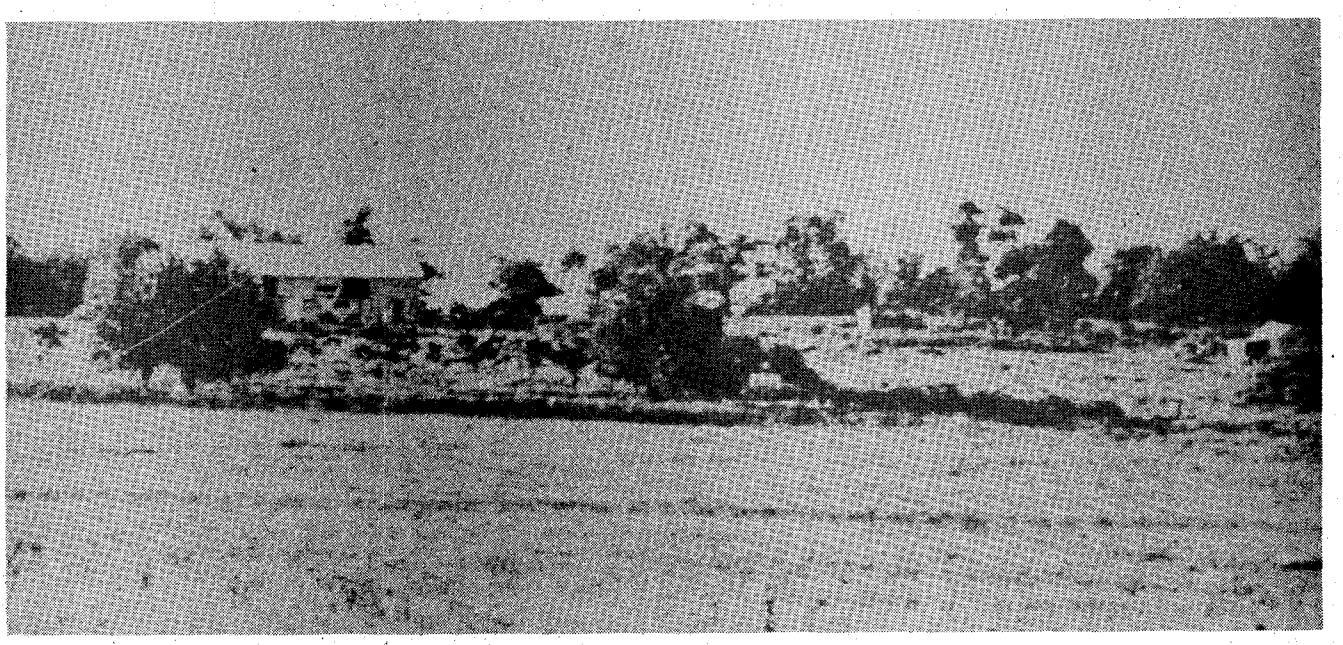
THE TROUBLE-MAKING GUINEA FOWLS

By
Maurice Kildare

This authentic and humorous account of what can happen when domestic pets run wild offers an intimate insight into ranch and rural life in the Far West back in the days when life was sweeter and simpler.



The A-One-Bar ranch and the hay meadow in which the guineas nested.

The ultra dignified and rigidly austere parson of old Clarita, Oklahoma drove his one-horse buggy peacefully along the county lane less than a mile north of town.

Suddenly, for no perceiveable reason, a flock of loudly screeching guinea fowls rushed out of a fence row partly covered by sunflowers and tall cockleburs into the dirt road. The parson's gentle bay mare spooked. Surprisingly so, but there was hardly anything comparing with the high-pitched continuous bedlam produced by a flock of fifty to sixty speckled guinea fowls.

The mare plunged right, tearing out the shafts in collision with fence posts on the opposite side of the narrow road. The overturned buggy lost its top and the black coated parson in nothing flat.

He was skinned in diverse places, the buggy torn apart and the otherwise tame mare gone yonder with the harness in a wild run. Most of all, his superior dignity was injured beyond repair because people in two adjacent farm houses were witnesses.

Hoofing back to Clarita, he bemoaned the accident, accusing the farmers along the road for his self-asserted tragedy. He declared that he was "pulling" them all in and filing a suit for damages. By "pulling" he meant having them arrested.

Unfortunately, he could not establish ownership of the

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culprit guineas. None of the farmers along the county road where the accident occurred owned any of the obstreperous birds. The only owner of such wild fowls in the immediate area and more than half a mile from the scene was me. But it would have required considerable evidence to prove they were the same.

Those wild guineas had been causing me considerable trouble for a long while. Concentrated on my father's A-One-Bar ranch a mile from Clarita, they were liable to go afar almost any time. Invariably they got into trouble on their own account.

The flock originated when Jean Schmelzer, the town blacksmith, gave me two hens and a cock that he got from a relative in Missouri. In town he had trouble with the unpredictable birds from the beginning and got rid of them. A twelve-year-old kid, I thought the semi-wild game birds were most wonderful.

They are a family of gallinaceous fowls, allied with wild pheasants and wild turkeys, natives of Africa and Madagascar. Twenty-three species of the once wholly wild birds are known and most difficult to domesticate. But they have a long history. Guineas were reported as being kept in Rome during the classic period. The common guinea imported into the United States from Africa was *Numida melegris,* about 1700. Still wild, they remained so in most respects despite crossing with other species brought in later.

My guineas were a dark slate gray, speckled with white spots and had small heads marked by white and red wattles on the cheeks. The first three I could pick up and rub down their feathers, but no one else could get near them.

They were first put in the big hen house to roost with the chickens but shifted immediately some distance away to the buggy shed on one end of the long barn. When they began spotting the buggy housed there, Father quickly

The author's parents who took a dim view of the guinea business.

The author on the right with his younger brother, about the time of the guinea episodes.

terminated their sojourn. The three were placed in an empty granary and the door closed.

They raised a great ruckus over being confined, and Father made me turn them out. Their screeching drove the livestock in the barn wild.

They returned to roosting in the buggy shed but about one month later disappeared. At first we thought that a sneaking coyote or fox, maybe even a nocturnal prowling raccoon got them. However, nowhere were any feathers or parts of them found. On the other hand, they could run a varmint off and did. When a snake was encountered, they would circle it, creating an ominous clutter of sound while darting in to peck at the reptile with sharp bills until it was killed.

When they were given me, they were laying sharply pointed speckled eggs. But on the ranch we found no eggs and no nest.

The mystery of the missing guineas was solved one dawn when I discovered one of the hens picking up loose grain spilled around the corral wooden feeding troughs. She was followed four hundred yards east into the twenty-acre, natural hay meadow of tall, prairie buffalo grass.

By being careful, I located two nests close together. The hens had been laying eggs there all the time and were now setting on them. The cock had established himself half way between, on guard against varmints, egg-eating birds and snakes.

Every few days thereafter, I checked on them until one sunny morning they were off the hatched eggs with about a dozen chicks each. It was almost impossible to count them because on a low, hummed warning from the mother hen they squatted in the drying grass like so many quail. Indeed, they were no larger than week-old bobwhite chicks. But they quickly grew larger.

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HACKSAW TOM

(continued from page 23)

the orchard. After we'd gotten a few chickens, Mom would go out to the coop to see if there were any eggs and be afraid to step inside because of the rattlers lying on the dirt floor. She would come running back to the house, sick and shaking.

She used to put our soiled clothes on the floor in the unused back room, and one wash day when she picked up an armfull of them, a big rattler slithered out and fell on the floor. She dropped the clothes right on top of him and ran screaming back into the front room. But to what? More snakes, because my Dad was trying to keep a big rattler lying on the top of the mantle on the old stone fireplace!

High up on the mountain, Dad found a glade-like meadow and we went up there for picnics. One day he spotted a cave and crawled into it on his stomach. Far back in it there was a cougar crouching (so he told us) but I know he did find some old Spanish Armor and a crossbow, because he dragged it out. Another day he discovered an Indian grave, dug into it, and was picking up beads and arrowheads when a swarm of bees came boiling out.

He set the grass afire to scatter the bees, and from home that night we watched that fire spread all over the mountain. Later they read in the Salt Lake papers about the mystery surrounding the fire's starting — and of course neither of them ever let out a peep about it.

That turned out to be our last picnic there. I remember the way Mom was so glad to be packing the few personal possessions we could take, the last hike down that snake-infested mountain, and being safely on the train again. I also remember crying as my little dog, Bally, ran beside the train until we outdistanced him. Then he, too, was gone forever.

Dad had always had a hankering to see Idaho, so it was no surprise that early spring of 1907 when we found ourselves in the snowed-under village of Soda Springs. After one night in the only hotel, Dad loaded us into a canvas-covered bobsled driven by the cross-country mail carrier who hauled us to a ranch at the end of his route. I don't remember if any of the people at the ranch were known before that time, but I do know we were welcomed. Among the men was a man named Billy Stevens, with whom Dad would be associated off and on for many years to come.

After a week or so, Dad finally borrowed a bobsled and team, and with Billy Stevens along to bring the sled back to the home ranch, we set out toward a small country store and post office, which I remember was called either Wayne or South Wayne. It was our first experience with an Idaho winter, and there was a howling blizzard that day. The wind whistled over the deeply packed snow of that wild prairie country, and I still wonder how the horses stayed on the drifted road.

After endless hours of bitter cold, the sled stopped and Mom and I pushed our heads up from under the robes to see where we were. At first we couldn't see anything through the swirling snow, but then we found we were alongside what appeared to be either an over-sized Eskimo Igloo or a whopping big pile of snow. Dad hollered, "I think the door is here at this end. I'll have a hole kicked out purty quick," and in a few minutes told us to come on.

We were so stiff from the cold that we fell out of the bobsled, and then had to climb upward toward the hole in the snow to step inside a frozen, canvas-covered oblong box. It turned out to be an abandoned sheepherder's covered wagon! With this for her new home, it just about did it for Mom. The next morning she looked out over that glittering vastness of frozen snow, and if she hadn't come from the proverbial hell-or-high-water strain who stuck by their men, I'm certain she would have lit out walking right then.

There were some ramshackle log buildings there, and Dad rummaged through them for firewood for the little tin stove. The storm had blown itself out, and he busied himself kicking a trail to the leaning outhouse for us. We never found the well until spring, so we melted snow for water. And I had to sleep between my parents on a rickety slat-board bunk across the rear end of the wagon.

I don't know how we survived that winter, but when spring began to break on that great expanse of prairie it was startlingly beautiful! Myriads of wild flowers began blooming, and wild creatures seemed to just suddenly pop up from everywhere. Amongst the wild birds there were some sandhill cranes that loved to light on the leaky roof of the old log cabin we'd moved into, and would squawk and flap their great wings just about sunup every day. Dad swore they sometimes stuck their heads down the chimney to wake us up. He'd go busting outside to throw rocks at them, but he never took a gun to shoot at them.

The great curlews nesting all over the grass and flower-covered fields didn't fair that well. Once they'd laid their eggs in a small depression on the ground, they wouldn't fly off when we approached. Dad would go out to a nest and gather their eggs to eat — and sometimes the curlew too. They were as big as a leghorn chicken, and mighty tasty!

He did the same with the water birds that lived in the monstrous marsh near the house. He built a raft, and we'd paddle through the bullrushes to gather fresh eggs. Together with the small-game fur he trapped and sold, we sure did live high on the hog all during the two and a half years we were there.

I don't know how many traps he had strung out around the marsh, but Mom and I would watch him for hours through an old pair of raggedy soft leather field glasses he'd leave with us. He'd follow his trapline for miles and miles on homemade skis, around the marsh and on to a range of foothills. He took a lot of fur. He'd clean and stretch the hides, then stack them up like leaves of a book and sew them into burlap bags to ship to the FUNSTON FUR COMPANY of St. Louis.

Mom learned to love the country too, but those fur-bearing animals almost got her down. He'd bring them into the cabin and stink up the place in skinning them out. Their carcasses were just heaved out the door where they'd lie rotting until some later warmer day he'd pick them up and pitch them onto the roof of the other 'soddy' cabin. I'll have to admit, it got pretty rank at times!

I idolized my father. And with good reasons. One of them was a poor old rack of bones, a dirty-drab grey, big-footed, hammer-headed plow horse, which for some forgotten reason became known as 'Gravy'. I don't know where he came from — he was just suddenly there, all mine and promptly into my heart forever. There was also that wonderful Stevens crackshot, a single-shot twenty-two rifle that was grabbed, hugged and cradled in the arms of the most grateful kid in all the world.

At first the bullets were handed out freely, but as I began to get better at hitting targets, they dwindled down, and finally were given from one to no more than three at a time. He'd tell me, "Willie, I seen me some ducks

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down there in the creek. Git yerself down there and you git us a duck fer dinner. Hear me?" Or maybe it was a sage hen or some other kind of food he'd send me after with my couple of shells. And it was very seldom I failed to get a meal for the table.

Early in the last spring we were there, I remember Dad telling Mom he was going to take a camping trip up into the mountains with some fellow. I think it was to be a cougar hunt. The entire country was still under deep and frozen snow, and after about three weeks Dad suddenly returned one day with tales which have never been clear to me. I just know that the tent and all the other gear had been left up there, and Dad was in an awful hurry to leave our place.

He'd rigged runners under the old wagon, so we gathered up our few belongings and were under way again, this time in a sled pulled by our own team. We headed westward, and I still remember how Mom and I marveled at the snow's crust being so hard that neither the sled runners nor the horse's feet barely made a mark on it.

One night we came upon an abandoned ranch, and as we got close a bunch of men came running out of the house, jumped on some horses and left fast. Dad said he figured they were an outlaw band the way they took out. We spent the night there, and then moved on until we came upon a bigger deserted ranch, which Dad immediately took over. We moved in and finished that winter and part of the following summer there.

Early fall found us again in our canvas home, this time on wheels taken from another wagon at the ranch. He said we were headed for Great Brown's Lake, which name he may have just dreamed up, and with the scarcity of fences in those days, we were able to go about anywhere over the sage-covered flats and hills.

One day as we topped another hill, we saw a big band of Indians camped on the flat below. They quietly watched our old wagon, and Dad knew they'd resent it if we came too near. Somehow he sensed they weren't hostile, so he made a fast camp and busted himself over there to get acquainted.

He didn't come back until late, long after they'd gotten their night fires going and had done some dancing around them. And he was loaded down with beaded moccasins and other beautiful hand-crafted things. He was a kindred soul to them, wandering too, just as were the many bands who were still trying to roam as they'd always done, not wanting to stay on the Reservations allotted to them.

Another day's plodding and we pulled up at Brown's Lake, which I think turned out to be Grey's Lake. We'd lived on prairie hens during the entire trip, so the ducks and fool hens we now found were a wonderful change of diet. Dad went to work for a man who had a big spread, but before fall, he loaded us into the creaking 'borrowed' wagon again and headed back to Billy Stevens' ranch.

Welcomed like a long-lost family, we spent a week there, but then came the day when the same cross-country mail stage came through and we got on it. I took one long last look at Gravy and that beloved old dirty canvas-covered wagon, now parked near Billy's rickety hay barn, and we were off, headed for Soda Springs and the railroad, then back to Salt Lake City.

Now enters a bit of mystery about Dad. Mom told me later that he'd passed the word around that he was not going out with us, but was coming back to the ranch. This was something in connection with that camping trip he'd taken into the mountains with that man. When we got to Soda Springs, Dad stood on the railroad platform as if he were just seeing us off, but at the last instant when the train began to move, he jumped on the step and came into the car. I never did learn what happened on that camping trip of his.

Dad had no problem going right to work in Salt Lake City, but came the day he unexpectedly decided to take us back to Wisconsin. So back we went, over the same route we'd come out on.

Later in Wisconsin the folks were contacted by someone in Racine who owned a big farm up in the northern part of the state in Vilas county, near the isolated village of Eagle River, about 90 miles south of the Canadian border. The owners offered the farm to us for just going up and taking it over, and we were off again.

We arrived there in the spring of 1913, and found the beauty of the place almost unbelievable. It was surrounded by nothing but endless miles of forest, wherein was an abundance of fur-bearing wildlife, and trapping kept Dad busy and happy. He also had many jobs working for the summer resorts, mostly the big Everetts, the Hemlock, the Deardorf and the Tamarack, doing carpentry and maintenance work on their summer guest cabins and on their

Courtesy Bill Christensen, Denver, Colorado

Annie Christensen, Hacksaw Tom's wife. He left her back in Wisconsin and lived a hermit-like life in the River of no Return country of Idaho.

boats. He guided fishermen, too, as they came from all over the country during the summer.

Life was fine for awhile, but as usual, things began to sour for my Pop, and his feet started itching again. However, by now there were four of us kids, two younger brothers and a little sister, and Mom couldn't see another move. Dad began drowning his troubles in booze, and that's where all his money went. Mom started washing for the resorts to keep us eating, and he probably resented that, too. His temper got worse and worse. He even whipped me with a length of wire that cut my legs up pretty badly; he laid his belt on me when a neighbor friend gave me an old pocket knife, and one day he hit me squarely on the nose with his huge fist. Then, at the sight of blood pouring down my face, he broke into tears and cried like a baby. It got so we didn't know from one minute to the next what to expect from him.

Early in the spring of 1914 the break finally came. He simply announced he was leaving alone if his family wouldn't go with him, and he did. I can still see him walking across the field headed for the train at Eagle River, and it about broke my heart. We learned later that he'd gone to Gardiner, Montana (we knew he'd head for the West!) where he temporarily set himself up in a harness and saddle repair shop, and had a short trapline around the outskirts of town. We also learned he soon got into trouble with the Rangers and the

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law, and before long, he'd headed for his beloved Idaho.

We lost the farm for back taxes — they gave Mom exactly $50 for that beautiful 140 acre place! — and we lived under appalling conditions on what she could earn by her washings. The law offered to bring Dad back and make him support us, but she said, "No. Let him go." I quit school and got a job in a foundry, but the work was just too heavy for my tender age, so I jobbed around at anything I could find to do.

During the years from 1915 to 1920, Dad wrote to us from time to time, and once offered to send for us. But Mom turned him down. Then in 1920, she agreed to let him send $55.55 for the fare to Ashton, Idaho, where he was working for the Cattlemen's Association, and I went alone.

It sure brought back memories to find him camped in a sheepherder's wagon, parked permanently in the yard of a ranch! He had a range to ride and patrol for many square miles — and it was called 'the Rattlesnake Range' — and it was well named! Later I got a job helping build a road which was going clear into Yellowstone Park, and spent several months in a tent camp set up in some small timber along and above a canyon of the Snake River. When that ended I went back to spend the winter with Dad in Ashton — or so I thought.

But he had taken some woman in to live with him, and I stayed only a couple of weeks before telling him that I felt I should return to Wisconsin and help Mom through the winter. As a final gesture, he cooked up a bunch of bear ribs for me to take on the train, and I remember them as being mighty good.

When I got back home I found my mother had remarried. She told me later that she thought I had deserted her and wouldn't ever come back, so she'd married mostly for help in supporting the other kids.

Eight years slipped by before I decided to look up my father again. He was still in Idaho, and now lived about two miles above the mining town of Shoup where the Salmon river road ended. I bought a ticket to Misoula, Montana, then walked and hitchhiked (mostly walked!) through the valley, over the Continental Divide and on down the Salmon river, a distance of about 200 miles.

And it was worth every mile of it. The fun of being with Dad again and becoming reacquainted made memories far more treasured than all the gold in the full length of the River of No Return. Dad told me he'd worked at odd jobs around North Fork when he'd first hit the country, and had later made a deal with Neil Poyner, the Ranger at the Indianola station, for permission to build this cabin.

There was just a dirt floor in it, but Dad, as rough as he'd always been, would pass the word along for a 'home dance' on a weekend, and if no one showed up with an instrument nor could play one of his, he'd grab his fiddle or mandolin or guitar, and I'd play my homemade set of drums, harmonica and guitar. We'd keep our company swinging until the sun came up.

We'd also take in the dances in the Shoup school house, and I found out quick that our dances were tame compared to them. Most of the natives came carrying their own jugs, and after midnight it was like war was declared. The scraps they had! And by daylight, there were stews scattered all over the ground outside the building.

One night Dad was dancing with some woman, and when she felt a movement against her breast she looked down, then screamed and fainted dead away. He had a rattler under his shirt, and it picked that time to stick its head out. From then on, Hacksaw Tom was plumb poison, with good reason.

As time slipped by, things began to go bad, just as they had so many times before. Dad started going on wild, drunken binges, and was always accusing others of stealing something of his. It seemed like an excuse to start a fight, which he enjoyed. He'd always been a fighter and a mean one, and that had caused a lot of men to challenge him much the way the old time gunfighters did a 'fast gun' in earlier days. He could never be backed down, no matter what.

During my last summer with him, he was a hard man to get along with. He could be dirty cruel or good natured, his moods never the same two days in a row. Foul? It was unbelievable. I stood it as long as I could, and then one day after a morning of abuse, I couldn't take any more and simply walked off. It really hurt to end it this way, and I guess that losing me, the last of his family to quit him, didn't help him any, either.

The way it was written to me later by someone in Salmon, Dad left his cabin in the fall of 1955 after the big game hunting season ended, and headed for Salmon City to catch a bus for Phoenix, where his brother Ted lived. The morning he was to leave, he went to the bus entirely naked except for his shorts, and naturally the driver put him off, telling him to get dressed in a hurry if he wanted to go. He did, without protest.

Dad didn't stay in Phoenix very long. He wrote to me later from Tortilla Flats, at the foot of the Superstition Mountains, and I knew he was there to search for the fabled Lost Dutchman Mine. I flatly refused his invitation to join him. There was no use trying again. I got a couple more wandering letters from him, and then one from Uncle Ted saying the poor old trailblazer had come to his trail's end. Somewhere near Phoenix he'd gotten into a ramshackle homemade trailer to live, and had subsisted for quite some time by making the rounds of the dumps and garbage cans. The other campers finally turned him in to the law, and he was taken to a hospital in Phoenix.

Later, when he'd recovered sufficiently, he caught a bus headed back to Salmon City. But the old boy never made it to home base. Near Idaho Falls the last of his buttons went blotto and he went loco on the bus. At the depot, the law took him right to a hospital, and sometime later on he passed away in the hospital barberchair.

In trying to find any of his kin, they found my name and address on the letters I'd written to him at Tortilla Flats, and also in his little diary, which he was still carrying. That diary, with its pitiful, scrambled-jumbled contents, and his old pocket watch were sent to me by the hospital. He was taken to the morgue at Idaho Falls, and was laid away, alone to the last.

He hit his last trail in February of 1956, and Mom followed in June of the same year. (Here ends Bill's story about his father.)

A mountain in the Salmon River Range is named 'Hacksaw Tom' in memory of the rattlesnake man. His last cabin, bedecked with countless elk and deer horns, sits deserted across the river, ravaged by time and desecrated by treasure-seekers. A well-used violin, once alive with Hacksaw's music, found its way into the Lemhi County Museum at Salmon City, the only tangible and preserved memento of his life in this wild country he loved.

But the legend of Hacksaw Tom lives on along the River of No Return, vivid and vital, just as does his memory in the heart of his eldest son. ●**RW**

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THE WEST'S GREATEST SILVER RUSH

By Richard F. Taylor

Nevada's silver rush of 1859 made the California Gold Rush of 1849 look like a school marm's picnic. Prospectors, gamblers, con-men and merchants alike, who hadn't struck it rich in California, stampeded back across the Sierras with the burning lust for sudden wealth rekindled in their fevered brains.

They traveled light and fast, believing that he who got there first would get the most. The majority of them traveled by horse, with their bedrolls, frying pans and a few supplies tied on behind their saddles. There was no time for plodding wagons or ponderous stagecoaches this time. Every minute counted.

The news of the fabulous silver strikes being made on Nevada's Comstock lode reached the California goldfields in the summer of 1859, and the rush began, slowly picking up momentum as the get-rich-quick fever spread.

For many, the news came too late. The winters in the Sierras were as harsh as the Arctic, and the men dared not start back over the mountains without ample time to make the journey.

The most severe winter ever experienced in the West occurred that year. On November 2, 1859, a howling blizzard struck the Sierras with the fury of a mountain lion, choking off the passes to Nevada. Drifts piled up as high as sixty feet, isolating the settlements on the Comstock and making travel impossible for weeks to come.

Hungry buzzards hovered high in the thin, cold air, waiting to devour the freezing animals, while in the settlements below, flour sky-rocketed to $80 a sack, and people began to starve on the wealth-laden Comstock.

In the meantime, thousands of frustrated silver seekers crammed every available dwelling in Placerville, California, just below the pass. There they would have to wait for the spring thaw.

At last, March of 1860 arrived, ushering in the first signs of spring. The huge drifts began turning to slush, and with that, one of the greatest mining rushes on record commenced.

Silver seekers swarmed over the pass like ants over a honeycomb, and each was certain that he would find his fortune on the other side of the mountains. In their frantic haste to get to the new El Dorado, they floundered through melting snow drifts, sloshed through knee-deep mud and water, and even neglected to stop long enough to eat.

Small way stations along the way became jammed with cold and hungry men pausing for a few moments respite. The writhing, snake-like column of fortune seekers finally dropped to Nevada's desert floor and quickened their pace toward the fabulous Sun Mountain and her hidden wealth. Virginia City and the surrounding towns grew at an unprecedented rate, even for boom towns.

The glowing tales of silver on the Comstock proved to be more than true. Many men made their fortunes, but many more wound up broke during this, the West's Greatest Silver Rush. ● **RW**

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Charles Dunne

In REAL WEST, No. 120, we published a question from W. Wade, Poughkeepsie, N.Y. which asked if there were any Indians by the name of Wade In The Water. We suggested that perhaps one of our readers could help. In response thereto, we have received a reply from A. B. Ewing, Birney, Montana, as follows: "Wade in the Water family are Blackfoot Indians who live near Glacier National Park, Montana. I knew Julia Wade in the Water in 1934-36 when I was in that country." Thank you, Mr. Ewing. And in case Mr. Wade wants to correspond, Mr. Ewing's address is: General Delivery, Birney, Montana.

Q. How many Indians were in America when the white men came? V. Corr, Roswell, N.M.
A. Approximately one million, based on estimates we have read. This, of course, includes Central and South America and may be off quite a bit. No one took a census in those days.

Q. How many times was The Last Of The Mohicans made into a movie? L. Beirne, Greeley, Col.
A. It was filmed in 1911, 1914, 1920, 1932 in serial form, 1936, 1972 on BBC, the British television, and also in 1972 on PBS (U.S.).

Q. When the Indians said "How" in greeting, was it meant to be "how are you" or "how do you do"? J. Grinnell, Lincoln, Neb.
A. According to authorities we've read, all the Indians didn't say this, just the Sioux, and they didn't say "how", but "hou" which was a Sioux word of greeting. (Watch some Sioux correct us.)

Q. My father remembers the old Medicine Shows. If, as he says, the stuff took away his aches and pains, how is it writers say it was no good? E. Vars, Tempe, Ariz.
A. Medicine show remedies contained from 10 to 50% alcohol. Even a raging toothache wouldn't seem so bad after a bottle of snake oil which had 50% alcohol in it.

Q. Was Tim McCoy, the Western movie star, ever on television? M. Brough, Sioux Falls, S.D.
A. Yes, he was, in the 1950's. He had a children's Western program for which, incidentally, he won an Emmy.

Q. Did the early stagecoaches and covered wagons usually outrun the Indians? O. DeCotis, Joplin, Mo.
A. Occasionally, but only if they had a very good lead. If the Indians got within shooting distance, it was usually all over, for the red man, not being stupid would concentrate on shooting the horses first.

Q. Why were the colored soldiers called "Buffalo Soldiers", and who started this? C. Reynolds, Mason City, Iowa.
A. The Indians against whom they fought called them this because to them their hair resembled the hair of the buffalo.

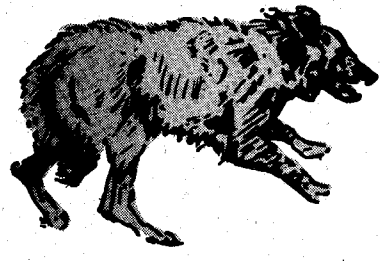
Q. How did the Sioux Indians get their name? It certainly doesn't sound or look like an Indian word. D. Covell, Beloit, Wisc.
A. You are right. "Sioux" is the French form for the Chippewa word meaning "Serpent" or "Enemy", which is what they called the Sioux. The Sioux themselves called their people "Dacotah" which means "allies", as they were composed of various tribes and bands.

Q. When and where did the Apache chief Geronimo die? E. Violette, Oceanside, Calif.
A. The scourge of the southwest died at Fort Sill, Oklahoma in 1909 of pneumonia. He was a prisoner of war for twenty-three years.

Q. I am a bug on cleanliness; what did the frontier woman put up with besides log cabins, sod huts and dirt floors? V. Dreher, Hattiesburg, Miss.
A. In addition to the usual discomforts of the day, and the threat of marauding Indians, prairie fires and dust storms, the pioneer woman was beset with invading skunks, mice, pack rats, rattlesnakes, and bedbugs, among other things. Legs of beds, if they had beds, would customarily be placed in containers of kerosene. Water, a basic necessity, would come from a well, or spring, or river and usually had to be carried daily for quite a distance, and invariably it would be hard water.

Q. My old grandfather had a saying: "He's patient enough to drive hot sheep." What does it mean? L. Roscoe, Bloomington, Ind.
A. It's evidently an old sheepherder saying. When sheep are hot, they tuck their heads under the belly of their neighbor and refuse to move. It takes a patient herder to get them moving.

Q. Was old Three-Toes, the wolf, famous enough for you to know about? C. Blacklock, Rockford, Ill.
A. Well, he was famous enough to be recorded in one of our books. Old Three-Toes ranged northwestern South Dakota and southeastern Montana and for about fifteen years successfully evaded traps, poison and hunters. The livestock he killed was estimated to be worth $50,000. He was captured alive by Clyde Briggs, a government hunter, in 1925, but died within two hours after being released from the trap. It is said he died of a broken heart.



Q. Did Rain-In-The-Face ever keep good his boast that he would cut out Tom Custer's heart? K. Prendergast, Houma, La.
A. For the benefit of our readers who may not know about this incident, a little background: Tom Custer, General Custer's brother, arrested and imprisoned Rain-In-The-Face on Gen. Custer's orders. The Indian escaped but wrote, as his revenge, to cut out the heart of Tom Custer. An Army officer who helped to identify the bodies after the battle of Little Big Horn said that Tom Custer's belly had been cut open and the entrails protruded, but nothing was said about the presence or absence of the heart. Who knows? Incidentally, the same officer said that General Custer had two wounds: one in the breast and one in the temple. ● RW

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

the uncle. During this time Kateri waited on them and gained a little knowledge of the Christian faith.

She was baptized on Easter Sunday 1675 by Father Lamberville and at once became the object of contempt of her tribe. She had learned how to sew from the French prisoners in the tribe, but she refused to marry and to work in the fields on Sunday which angered the tribe, and so she was treated badly. Many Catholic Iroquois lived at Sault Saint Louis, and some visited her village.

Learning of her ill treatment, Ogenretarihen, or "Hot Ashes", also called Louis Garonhiague, while making a visit to the village in 1677, took her back to his village with him. Here she learned more about the Christian faith, and while visiting Montreal, she saw the nuns of Marguerite Bourgeois work at their school, and knowing the help the sisters of the Hospital, Villa Marie had given her people, Kateri sought to form a convent on the Saint Lawrence River. This caused more ridicule, and even the Father was amused, but he did help her. She made a vow of chastity and became the first Indian nun among her people.

As a part of her vow she had one of her friends flagellate her every Sunday for a year, but she became too weak to bear it, and on April 17, 1680 she died. She was buried on the La Chine Rapids of the St. Lawrence, midway between La Prairie and Caughnawaga, Quebec. Six days after her death, Father Chauchetlere, while at prayer, had a vision in which Kateri appeared to him. Many people came to pray at her tomb, and some believe they were even healed through invoking her intercession on their behalf.

Sarah Winnemucca was a woman of the Paviosto tribe of Western Nevada, commonly called Paiute. She was born in 1844 near Humboldt Lake. She was known as Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins after her marriage. Her father, Winnemucca, was chief of the band that lived about Humboldt and Pyramid Lake, and this was sometimes called Winnemucca's band. Her grandfather, also a chief, had accompanied General Fremont into California and was named by the General, Captain Truckee. In 1860 Sarah and her sister, Mary, were taken to San Jose, California where they were placed in the Sister's school, but they only remained here a few weeks.

In 1865 the family moved to Dayton, Nevada, but shortly after the move, Sarah's mother and her sister died. In 1868 Sarah started acting as interpreter for Agent Bateman to the Shoshoni and later as interpreter and scout for General O.O. Howard's forces during the Paiute and Bannock war of 1877. On January 26, 1880, she was appointed interpreter at Malheur agency, Oregon and in 1881 conducted a school for Indian children at Vancouver barracks, Washington.

She went with her father to Washington in 1879-1880 for the purpose of obtaining permission for the return of the Paiute from Yakima to the Malheur reservation. This was granted by the Secretary of the Interior, but the agent at Yakima would not let the Paiute leave. Sarah again went east in 1881 and 1882 and delivered public lectures in Boston and other cities with the object of making known the story of her people.

Late in 1881, or early in 1882, she married Lieutenant Hopkins. In 1883 she wrote a book "Life Among The Paiutes, Their Wrongs and Claims". Her attacks on the Indian agents brought countercharges against her character, but these were met and refuted by General Howard and others of the military she had helped.

(continued on page 57)

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GUINEA FOWLS

(continued from page 49)

When the hens returned briefly to laying again, I found their nests hidden in the fence row brush after the meadow was hayed off. Some of the fresh eggs were taken to the house, but Mother refused to use them, saying that they were hot, meaning so rich and strong in taste. The family much preferred chicken eggs.

The hens were let alone and hatched off another nest of eggs each. From there on I had a large flock of wild guineas. Wild? The younger ones would vanish into oblivion before anyone on foot or horseback got within seeing distance. But the old ones would still come to me and allow petting by smoothing their feathers backwards. In time a few others could be handled the same way. Mostly, they were strictly wild fowls and clever at concealing themselves unless deliberately coming into open space.

After the first year of hatches a curious thing happened. With more hens nesting, somehow the flock never seemed to increase. Most hens did not nest, and those that did sat on only a few eggs once a year.

Unable to tell the younger cocks from the hens by sight, I probably had too many and they undoubtedly broke up most of the nest eggs. That crows, hawks and four-legged ground varmints got them wasn't at all likely.

The one animal that could find them anytime was my pet riding pinto steeldust quarter horse, Klondike. He had been with me and the guineas from the first. Taking a liking to them, he would go down to the fence row, even break into the hay meadow, to locate them. Klondike would then heckle them until arousing their squawking protests.

He dearly loved their shrieking and would often seek them out. On the other hand, he would contrarily graze near the hens with a few chicks, not bothering them at all. But let another horse or a cow critter approach the guineas, which only happened by accident, they were gone into hiding instantly.

They never returned to roosting at the barn or even close to the ranch buildings. The flock took turns roosting a few nights in a close, growing stand of slickery elm trees, changed to one of hawthorns, to a persimmon grove, then to rock crests on the hill overlooking the hay meadow and east field. The guineas shifted around often, as all wild critters did, but spent most of the day along the fence row. It had become grown up with brush until only the post tops were visible. On each side grew tall sunflowers and other flowering plants all spring and summer.

The first school at Clarita attended by the author, third from left, front row.

Wild plant seeds on which the guineas fed were plentiful almost the year long. But on moonlight nights, when I returned home late from working cattle on our Red Hills range, they were sometimes found around the corrals and wooden feed troughs picking up spilled grain on the ground. This was corn, oats or barley. Never would they eat cotton seed.

Another amazing fact was that I never saw them watering anywhere. The nearest stock water dirt reservoir was half a mile away, north beyond the long bench on which the ranch was located. The guineas never went there as far as I ever knew. They might have obtained enough moisture from certain lush plants, but I doubt it.

Ordinarily, they were quiet and self-effacing, but when something unusual happened close to them, they became amazingly vociferous. The entire flock, always together, would go into an uproar. Theirs in no way resembled the sounds domesticated chickens and turkeys make, and not exactly "squawking" either.

Their piercing, angry protests could be heard over considerable distance. The only two animals on the ranch they would tolerate near them was of course Klondike, and my big English bulldog, Towser.

Towser, always prowling with his big canine teeth protruding, haunted them consistently. Finding the flock, he would sneak into vegetation on all fours and for hours watch them in great interest. Once on a feeding ground they did not move around much.

Since the winters were always mild, never more than six inches of snow on the ground, the guineas survived in a wild state with no difficulty at all. During periods when the snow was on the ground, they might spend an hour around the cattle feeding corrals picking up spilled grain. Otherwise, they stayed under cover.

Only at rare intervals during the summer months did they stray from the regular grounds, as in the parson's case. But the whole flock could do it skillfully and undetected in natural cover. When crossing a road, they reconnoitered carefully in every direction, rushed across and disappeared into the weed and brush grown barbed wire fence rows.

The guineas were unpredictable and possessed many idiosyncrasies. They had no such thing as intelligence to deliberately predicate incidents. In their fowl minds they probably never had an idea or a

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 55)

She aroused sympathy for her people, and with the aid she received during her visits to Boston, she purchased lands near the present Lovelock, Nevada and established an Indian School there which she conducted for three years. When her husband died of tuberculosis, he was buried in Lone Mountain Cemetery, and Sarah went to Monida, Montana to live. She died there October 16, 1891.

Wopohwats, also Wo'poh'wats or "White Shield Owner", called White Shield by the white man, was a chief of the Southern Cheyenne born about 1833 near the upper branch of the North Platte River in Wyoming. In accordance with Indian custom he was given many names at various periods of his life. He was called Mouse Road when a very young man, but his more famous name was given him in 1862 by his uncle, the noted Black Kettle who was later killed in the battle of Washita.

Black Kettle had this name himself at one time. Wopohwats was a great warrior and led his people against the Pawnee and was a leader in the Bow String Soldier society. In 1870 he was elected to the council of chiefs. The next year, he was sent to Washington as one of a delegation to represent the allied tribes of the Cheyenne and Arapaho who had been placed on a reservation in Oklahoma. While in Washington he received a medal from President Grant, engraved with a pipe, a plow, a globe and a bible; these were to symbolize peace, agriculture, education, and Christianity.

This was accepted, and when White Shield returned home, he became an earnest advocate of Christianity. During the outbreak of 1874 and 1875 he held his band in peace. About the year 1878 he assumed the name of his grandfather, Buffalo Beard, a name he kept until his death.

In 1881 he was again chosen to go to Washington with a delegation but was unable to go because his daughter had just died, and according to Indian custom, it was forbidden to participate in public business by anyone in mourning. As was common with the Plains Indians, White Shield, or Buffalo Beard as he was now known, had two wives who were sisters. His son, Harvey White Shield or Hishkowits, was one of the best educated Indian men of the tribe and also a leader in the tribe. ● **RW**

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GUINEA FOWLS

(continued from page 56)

thought of any kind. They were of the wild and obeyed the law of survival of the fittest.

In the parson's accident something very unusual in the fence row set them off. They burst out and started running down the road. That the buggy mare became frightened was no fault of the guineas.

Father immediately suspected who's guineas caused the parson's accident. Yet he had never known them to cross either the Burrow road south of the ranch or the Wilson Community road east. But they did so, and if something disturbed them on their distant ventures, they created those bedlam sounds leading to utmost confusion.

Some people just naturally didn't like guineas. Father had a farm hand who revealed his hate for them and almost got into serious trouble.

He was put to cutting sorghum cane with a one row binder in the east field next to the hay meadow.

One afternoon I returned from hunting two lost steers in the Red Hills range.

Coming through the east pasture gate, I neared him unseen. I saw him stop the team suddenly and leap off the iron seat to begin throwing rocks into the edge of the field where the slickery elm trees grew.

With his first throws of rocks a sudden guinea clamor was raised. The farm hand was rocking them for no other reason than that he hated the fowls. He did them no damage for they disappeared quickly. During this period the team hooked to the binder ran away.

The farm hand rushing for the mules, not having bothered to tie the leather lines. He had no trouble catching up, but after slashing into uncut rows of cane, the binder overturned onto one side. The big mules got loose despite his efforts to bring them under control. They broke off the tongue and double tree only to tangle up in the head-tall cane.

Considerable damage was done to machinery and harness. On releasing the mules, the farm hand took out for the barn with them.

That night I was doing the milking when Father came home and began helping the crew with the feeding. We were then grain fattening about 200 steers for marketing. I heard the farm hand, working separate from the cowboys, telling Father that the guineas flew out into the cane rows right into the heads of the mules and spooked them into running away. This, according to him, was the cause of all the damage and why he quit working early.

This tale was let slide until the following morning. After breakfast Father got his shotgun and a sack of shells.

"Them guineas could well have ruined the best big mule team I have," he declared. "I'm going to get rid of all of them birds!"

It was then that I told him what actually happened.

Father snapped at the farm hand, "I'll make out your check for what wages you got coming and put someone else to repairing the binder."

Across the road from our east hilltop pasture lived a buxom lady who will be known here as Mrs. Jenkins. It is not her name. She harbored a dark secret. Some misguided, self-trained doctor told her that naked sun bathing to a deep tan would remove warts of which she had a goodly supply.

While her husband did field work and the kids were gone to school, she would lie naked behind the cover of a low and very delapidated fence row grown up in brush against the Wilson Community road. No one passing along it could possibly see her.

She had been doing this for some time when, one afternoon, the guineas came across the road from the hilltop pasture, circled the premises and started back. Emerging from shade trees on one side of the clapboard house, they crossed the windswept yard because no one was around.

Spotting the naked lady, the guineas, out of mere curiosity perhaps, moved close silently. They ringed her on the open side from head to feet. Necks and heads were craned out over her supine body when she awoke from a cat nap.

Horrified at sight of those small heads perked over her, poor Mrs. Jenkins let go an unearthly screech. She said they were about to peck her with those sharp bills. Anyhow, thereupon the guineas, while taking flight, let out their awful screeching sounds.

On her feet, Mrs. Jenkins started running for the house but slipped and fell. Her head struck one of the oak fence posts. She landed senseless on the ground.

She lay there for some time before two Campbellite Church deacons came driving along from Clarita in a wagon. In the bed was a coffin containing the body of an aged, hopeless derelict they considered a bounden duty to give Christian burial in the Wilson Community cemetery.

As the wagon creaked abreast slowly, they heard moans and groans issuing from the Jenkins yard. But they couldn't see anyone. Halting to listen, they finally spotted the sounds of distress, tied the gentle team and went to the wire fence.

Mrs. Jenkins was slowly gaining her senses. Because of the swelling bruise on her forehead the deacons believed that she was badly injured.

Crawling through the fence, they picked up Mrs. Jenkins between them and carried her inside the house to a bed where a quilt was thrown over her body. By that time she was fully conscious. She lit into them with such violent and obscene language for looking at her nakedness that they were appalled.

The red-faced deacons continued on to the Wilson cemetery, performed their pious duty and returned home.

Of course they told their wives about the incident. Naturally, their community gossiping went all around the country in a few days.

Sneeringly ridiculed behind her back, Mrs. Jenkins stated why she had been found nude. She declared herself afraid of the guineas because their short, sharp bills could have easily pierced her skin, or so she imagined.

Jenkins carried a shotgun for my guineas. But they did not go back to his sharecropped farm before he moved away that fall.

One morning at daybreak the guineas set up a terrific clamor at the hay meadow fence wire gate. One of the cowboys beat me there to find out what caused the ruckus. I met him rushing back.

"There's a dead man lying just inside the gate," he said.

When I got there it was to recognize the Clarita town drunk. He wasn't dead by any means but had passed out cold with an empty bottle beside him.

When Father arrived, I had shooed the flustered guineas away. A bucket of water was sloshed over the drunk until he groaned and sat up.

He said that when he came home to go to bed, his wife chased him out of the house. Then he wandered around and finally wound up unknowingly on our ranch. Father sent him home in the buggy with a cowboy.

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J. ROSS BROWNE

(continued from page 47)

won him few supporters, and he made no friends at all among the wicked and the greedy.

In the long, drawn out struggle for power, there were many attempts to smear him and the few honest workers that he had gathered to his side. He knew that his group had to be perpetually alert to fend off the trickery and subterfuge employed against them by an overbearing design to enmesh conscientious but unwary agents against their wills.

This man from the East was not slow in informing his superiors about the shabby treatment of the redskins by the whites in California, Oregon, and Washington. Browne kept accounts on everything he inspected and tried only to cut the bad and unnecessary outlays, actually just the deadwood he discovered in most offices.

He got involved with the Russians who in 1854 wanted him to seize their ship *Sitka* which had been taken by Great Britain and France as a prize of war and sailed to San Francisco. Browne put up with hundreds of quarrels and irritations to see justice done in his occupation that called for curbing extravagance, redundant debts, and the regular weeding out of incompetent operators.

It was amazing at times to his coworkers how Browne could skewer through red tape like a hot knife through butter, with a mind equal to any undertaking. His efforts as confidential agent on the West Coast proved him to be the most important and efficient government servant of that period.

Then, at the height of his career, Browne was suddenly seized with a body pain (believed to be appendicitis) on a ferry between Oakland and San Francisco. He was taken to a house of a friend. His condition became acute during the night, and he passed away leaving a void in the Treasury Department that for years remained unmatched for integrity, straightforwardness, and frankness.

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

J. Ross Browne, by Richard H. Dillon, Norman, Oklahoma, 1965;

Western Man of Many Decisions, by Norman Toller, Los Angeles, California, 1930; and others.

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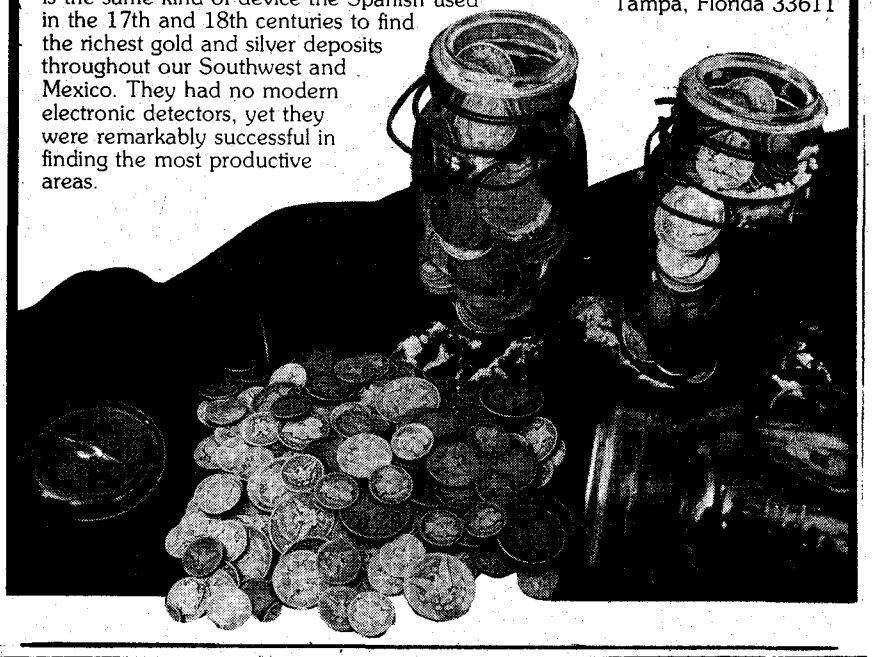

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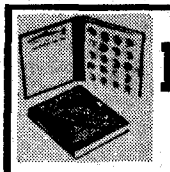

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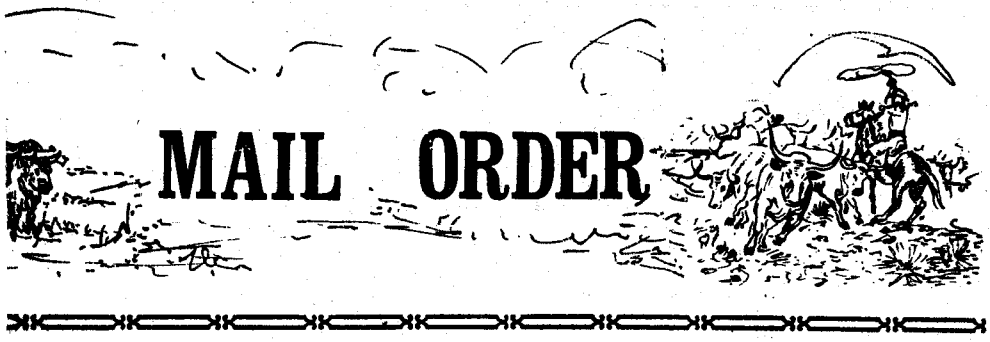

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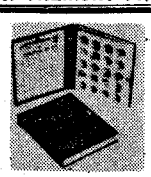

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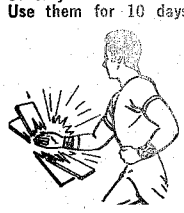

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GHOST TOWN

(continued from page 11)

tribulation.

One winter, when the Alpine Tunnel was blocked up with twenty-five feet of snow, she baked bread continuously for twelve days, only getting a few hours sleep here and there, so the work crews shoveling the track could eat their sandwiches.

It was easy to understand why she was often called "The Queen of St. Elmo". But as all things, St. Elmo began to fade as one by one the miners, prospectors, and camp followers began to move off to greener pastures. Still, Annabelle stayed on.

One of her brothers died, but she and her brother, Tony, stayed to run the grocery and supply store for the summer tourists and fishermen. They rented a few cabins and lived in St. Elmo during the summer and winter for many years. They were isolated from the outside world most of the time, and most of the time they were completely alone in the ghost town.

In 1958 Annabelle was injured in an auto accident near St. Elmo, and Tony, after all the years, finally was forced to call on the outside world for help. It was then the authorities discovered that Annabelle and her brother were suffering from malnutrition, although their general store was well stocked with food. They were living in filth and squalor, yet several bags of silver dollars were found in their twelve-room house adjoining the store. By now they were both in their seventies and incapable of taking care of themselves. They were taken to the hospital in Salida where Tony died a few short weeks later.

Annabelle lingered on. The faded ribbon in her hair had become part of her hair, so her once-beautiful tresses were cut off to remove the ribbon and the accumulated filth. When the authorities went through their home, they found things even more shocking. One room was completely full of firewood.

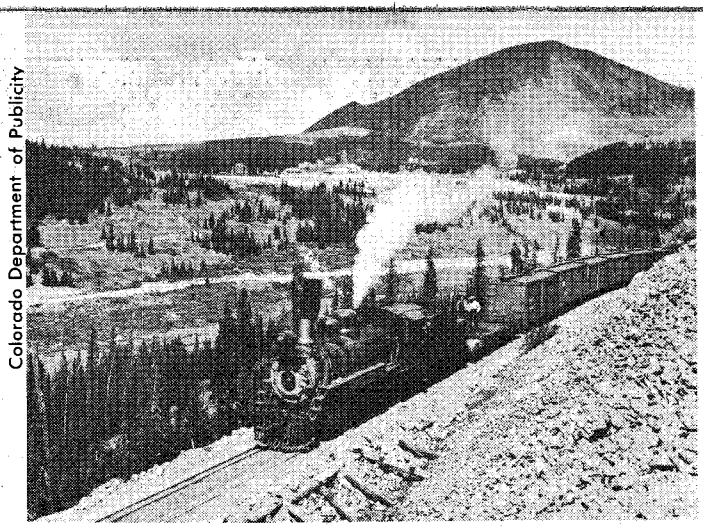
Other rooms were piled high with newspapers, including many valuable early editions. Here and there among the newspapers were bones and decayed bits of food as well as carefully preserved bottle caps, tin cans, and articles of worn clothing, all in the fashion of yesterday. And somewhere underneath all of the rubble and dirt was a grand piano sadly out of tune.

Today the store still remains. Its shelves are still stocked with the few canned goods ignored by vandals. The authorities are trying to preserve it and the adjoining house as memories of the Queen of St. Elmo, but it is a long way from civilization and difficult to police regularly.

Fire swept the town in 1890, and two of the destroyed business blocks were never rebuilt. Yet, of all the ghost towns in Colorado, St. Elmo is one of the better preserved, and even if the summer cabins have begun to mingle with the shanties of yesteryear, it is often difficult to distinguish between them.

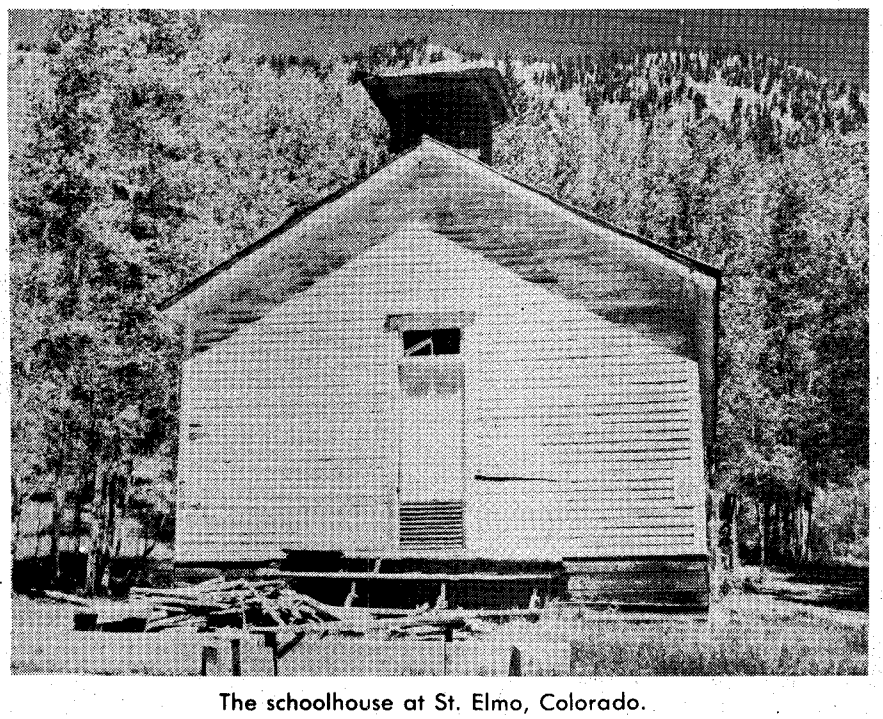
Much of the old main street is still intact, including the Stark Store and other false-fronted business houses which once did a thriving business. The old school is about two city blocks back from the main street in a clump of trees. A small stage and desks are still in order, and the old pot-bellied stove can be seen when one looks through the windows.

A visit to St. Elmo and the drive up Chalk Creek is a delight for any Western Ghost Town buff. But if you are a fisherman, the elusive mountain trout in Chalk Creek may make your trip even more interesting. ● **RW**



Colorado Department of Publicity

Engine No. 76 of the Denver, South Park & Pacific Railroad which ran up Chalk Creek to St. Elmo. This photo was taken on the Colorado and Southern's line from Leadville to Climax, Colorado on August 25, 1943.



Cy Martin photo

The schoolhouse at St. Elmo, Colorado.

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Brown, Robert L., *Jeep Trails to Colorado Ghost Towns.* Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1963.

Eberhart, Perry, *Guide to the Colorado Ghost Towns and Mining Camps.* Denver, Col.: Sage Books, 1959.

Wolle, Muriel Sibell, *Stampede to Timberline.* Denver, Col.: Sage Books, 1949.

Works Project Administration, *Ghost Towns of Colorado.* American Guide Series. New York: Hastings House, 1947.

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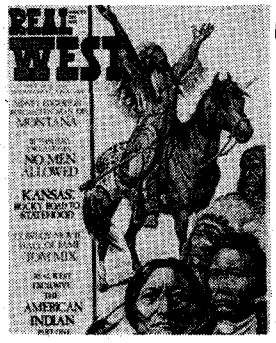


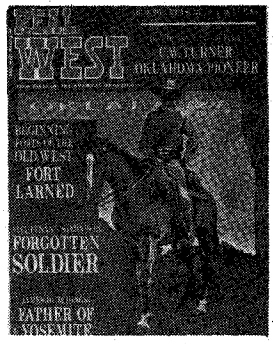
MARCH 1972

Sidney Edgerton -Forgotten Man Of Montana

Bethsheba, Oklahoma--No Men Allowed

Kansas:Rocky Road To Statehood

Cowboy Movie Hall Of Fame--Tom Mix



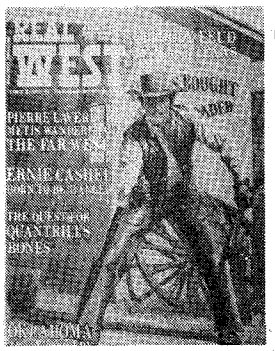
APRIL 1972

Beginning Forts of the Old West--Fort Larned

Lieutenant Sternberg--Forgotten Soldier

James Hutchings, Father of Yosemite

C.W.Turner--Oklahoma Pioneer



MAY 1972

Pierre Laverdure--Metis Wanderer of the Far West

Ernie Cashel--Born to be Hanged

The Quest for Quantrill's Bones

Oklahoma Train Robbery

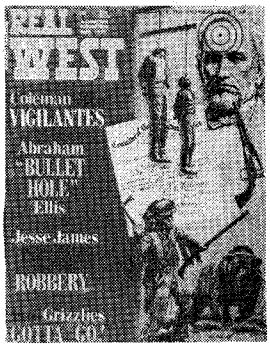
JUNE 1972

Hot Blood and Cold Steel, The Story of Jim Bowie

The Phantom Mail Robbery

Lost Treasures--The Lost Spanish Silver Mine of St. Marie's River

End of the Shaggy Herds



AUG 1972

Coleman of the Vigilantes

Abraham "Bullet-hole" Ellis

Jesse James and the Liberty Bank Robbery

The Grizzlies Gotta Go

SEPT 1972

Tom Horn--Lawman & Outlaw

Red Power--The Ponca Trail of Tears

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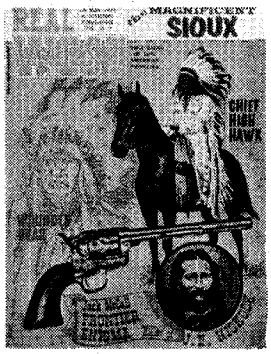
Zane Grey--Man of the West



NOV 1972

Chief High Hawk Wounded Bear

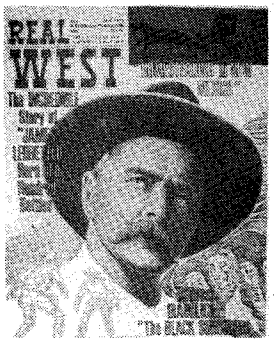
Jack McCall--Frontier enigma--Killer of J.B. Hickock

DEC 1972

Colonel Jack Hayes of The Texas Rangers

Firehouse Lillie of San Francisco

UTE Raid at Little Navajo



JAN 1973

Homesteading in New Mexico

Ruthless, Diabolical,"The Black Sorceress of San Francisco

The Incredible story of "James Ledbetter Hero of a Hundred Battles"

FEB 1973

The betrayal and Murder of Crazy Horse

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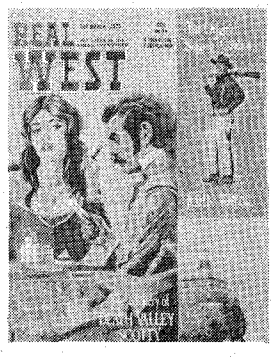

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GET IT DONE, DEPUTY!
TWO CHILI DOGS AND A TAMALE PIE!
YOU'RE A BRAVE MAN, SEÑOR!
PATRICK

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S	X	L	E	D	B	E	T	T	E	R	S	
E	I	S	B	E	T	T	I	G	A	H	H	
M	E	E	P	S	D	L	O	H	T	R	O	
I	H	M	O	E	G	H	E	S	U	G	R	
R	I	X	A	H	E	S	A	M	O	H	T	
G	X	U	M	S	E	D	E	L	H	A	M	
T	O	A	E	P	T	O	U	A	R	P	N	
Y	N	O	R	E	T	E	B	B	R	H	E	
X	I	H	S	A	M	P	R	A	U	P	S	
G	I	U	H	U	G	H	E	S	E	H	D	
M	A	N	O	M	A	H	P	U	O	T	A	
S	T	O	N	H	O	U	S	T	O	N	M	

MARSHALS OF THE WEST

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~~GRIMES~~
~~HIXON~~
~~HOUSTON~~
~~HUGHES~~
~~LEDBETTER~~
~~MADSEN~~
✓ ~~MASTERSON~~
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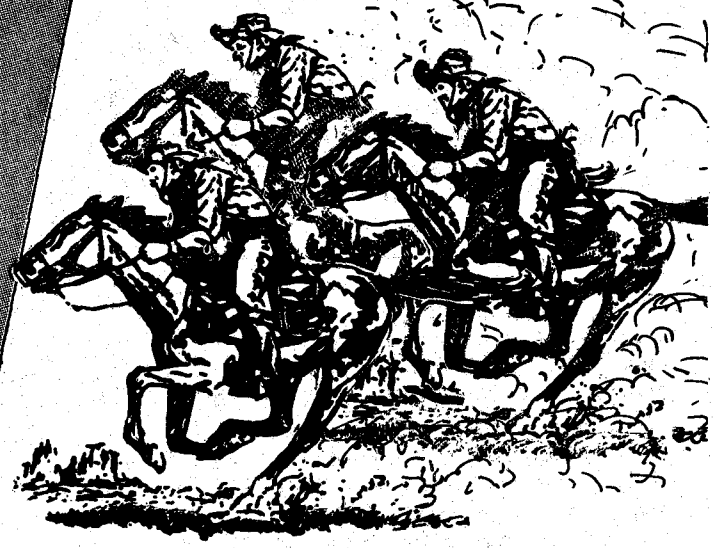

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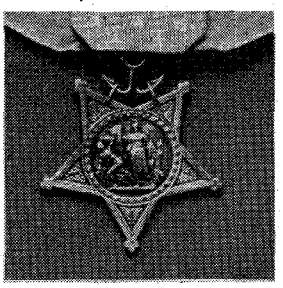

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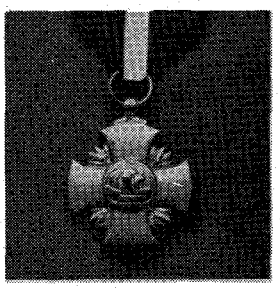

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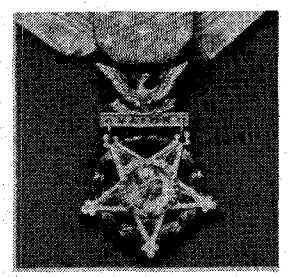

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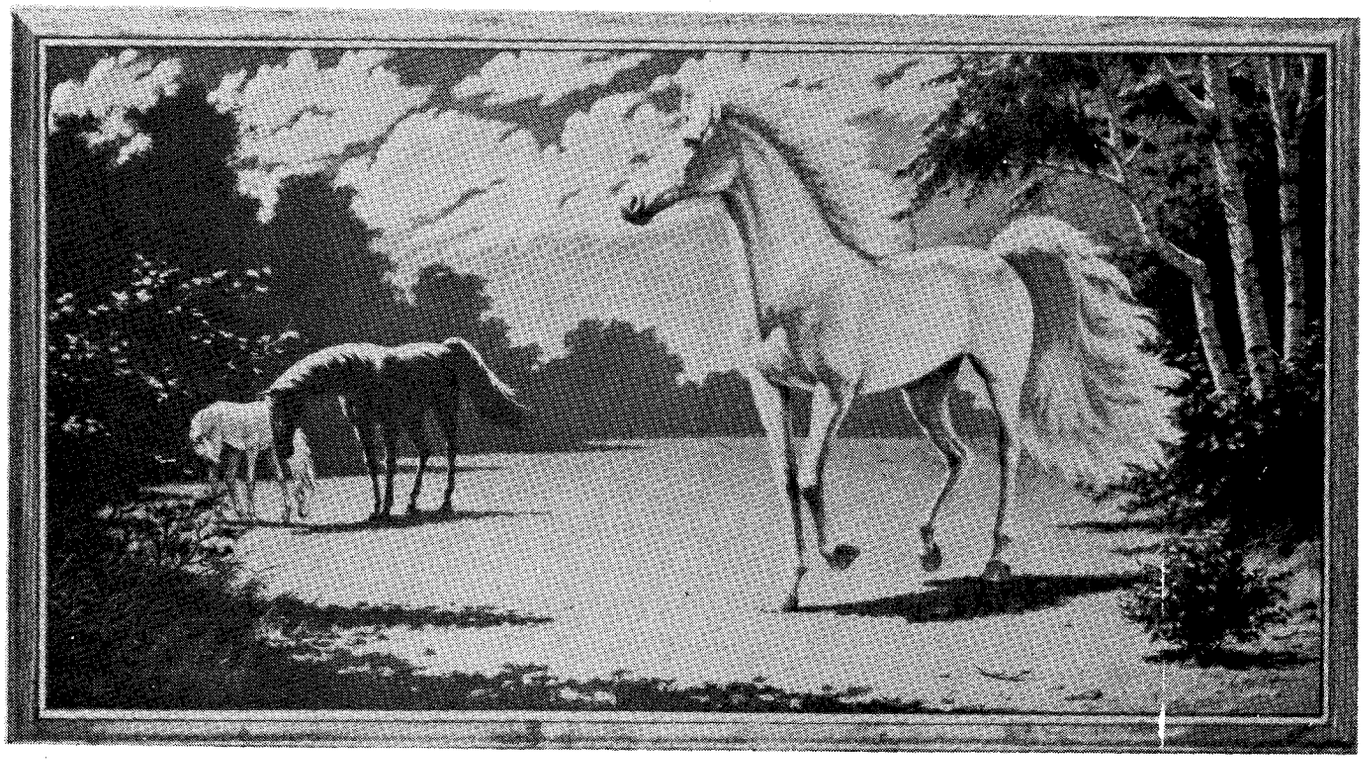

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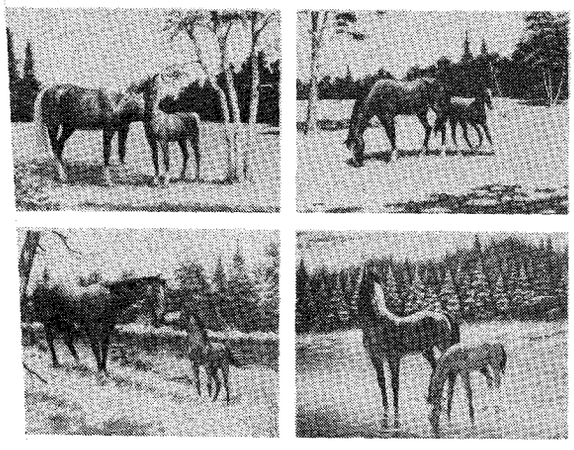

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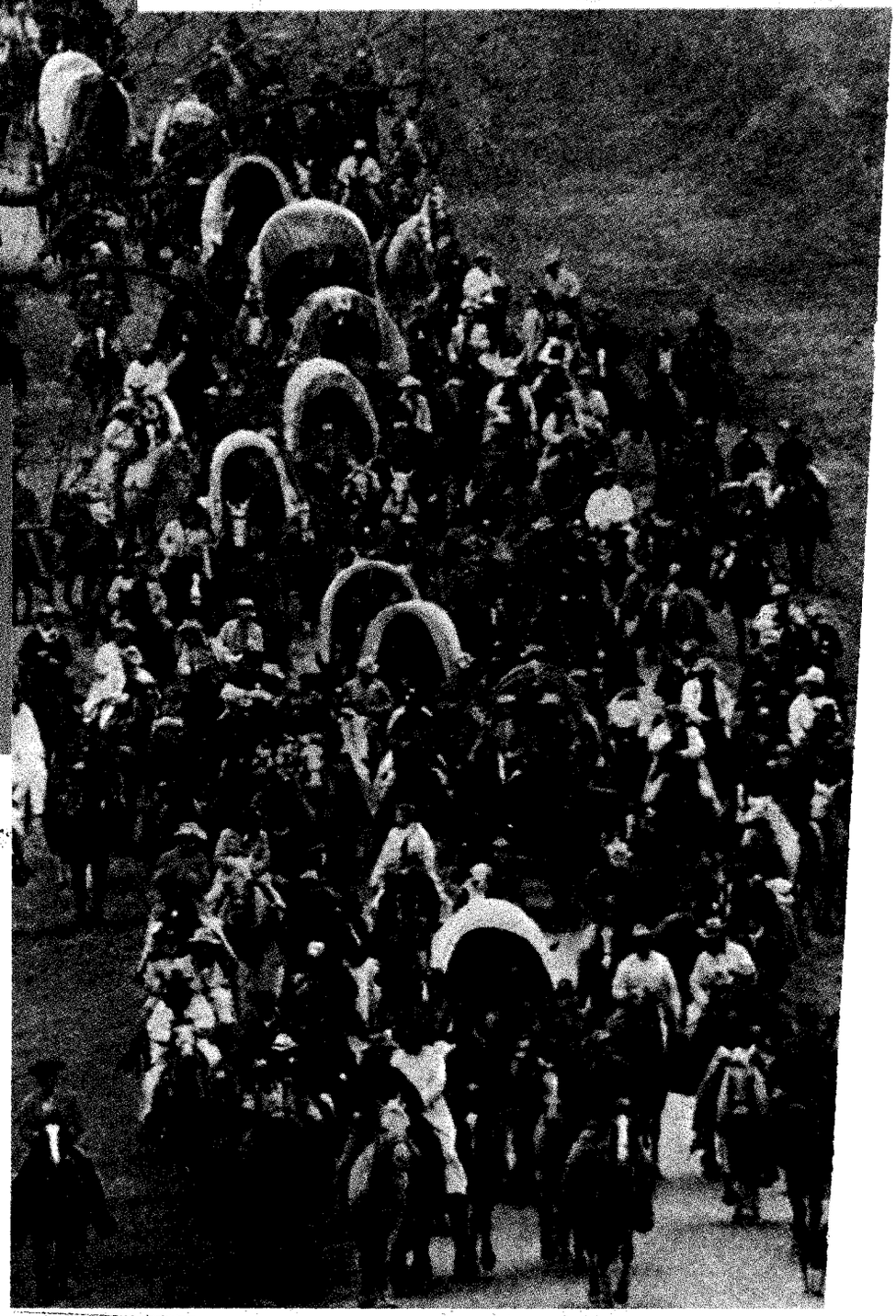

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